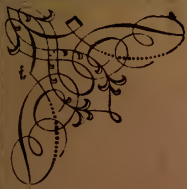
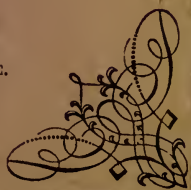
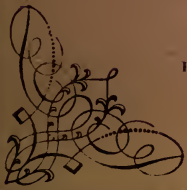


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THE
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE
First Congregational Church,
OF JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Sermon, Historical Sketch, Addresses, &c.



DEMOCRAT BOOK & JOB OFFICE.
1866.

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THE
50TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE
First Congregational Church,
OF JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Sermon, Historical Sketch, Addresses, &c.

DEMOCRAT BOOK & JOB OFFICE.
1866.

SERMON, HISTORICAL SKETCH, ADDRESSES, &c.

JAMESTOWN, June 14, 1866.

The members of the church and of the ecclesiastical society connected, assembled at the meeting house at 10 o'clock, A. M., Rev. Mr. Rouse, pastor of the church, presiding. The exercises commenced by a voluntary from the choir, which was followed by singing a Hymn, and Prayer by the Rev. Dr. Eddy of Northampton, Mass.

The following discourse was then delivered by the Pastor, Rev. Thomas H. Rouse.

SERMON.

We have met to-day, brethren and fathers to observe with appropriate exercises, the Fiftieth Anniversary of the organization of this Church, christened by those who formed it, the First Congregational Church of Ellicott. We have called together the fathers of the church, and former pastors who yet remain, those ministerial brethren—her sons whom the church has sent forth, the ministers of consociation, pastors and brethren of the neighboring churches, and others, to participate with us in these religious festivities. We have invited you to come up to our jubilee, join in the exercises of the occasion, and rejoice with us, on this, our fiftieth birthday; and also we desire to win from you, if you see occasion, your benediction and hearty God speed, as we cross the boundary of time and enter upon the half century before us.

Our invitation has been kindly heeded, and you have come from your various fields of labor, some of you to your mother church, others to the fold where you fed the flock of old, others still to congratulate an elder sister on her prosperity, and participate in her joy.

Brethern, *shall* we apologize for the invitation we have extended to you? Shall we raise the inquiry in this introductory service, is it worth while? Is it worth the time and trouble, to which we have put these brethren, to come together for the purpose of holding this religious festival and commemorative service? Is it warranted by the intrinsic excellency of that institution called a church? Is it warranted by the good the church accomplishes for a community, by the help it renders, in training families, and individual souls for service here and for glory hereafter? Are we warranted in inviting your benediction, as we go on to enlarge our borders, succeed this venerable edifice by another more commodious, take a new impulse and start with new vigor for the half century to come? These are not questions of small importance. Let us take them as a thread upon which to hang a few thoughts in this introductory service. For this is but introductory. The preliminary to the feast. The substantials are to come. This is but the soup preceding the dinner. May it serve to whet the appetite for the repast itself.

And first, I ask, what is the effect of a living church, standing in the midst of a community, on the temporal thrift and prosperity of that community? Does it pay to support it? The church costs money. Does it render, in temporal things, an adequate return? I know this is looking at the matter in its lowest aspect. But let us press for a moment the inquiry, as to the economy of this institution, called a church. The question then is this, or it amounts to this, is religion or infidelity, is the church or irreligion, the best corner stone, upon which to build up the temporal prosperity of a new community?

This is a practical question. It is generally soon settled, after a new community is planted. How did our fathers settle it here, on this outlet, and amid these pine forests fifty years ago? They decided for the church. And within six or eight years after the first echoes of the ax amid these solitudes, this church was organized. Nine christians good and true, consented here to a covenant, and set up the cross of Jesus. We want, these christians reasoned, we want the ordinances of God, and the fellowship of a living church, for our own personal growth.— We want it as an institution and an influence, under which to train our children. We want it for its civilizing and refining influences on community. New communities are apt to partake of the rough and rude in manners and morals. The tendency of emigration is to barbarism. The rough exciting wandering life of the lumberman, once the chief business along these waters doubles the tendency. We must have the church to refine and elevate.

Again God may intend to lay here a thickly populous town, alive with enterprize, and make it the capital and centre of a numerous population, energizing among these hills, prolific with the fat products of the “Udderiferous kine.” We must plant the church to sanctify thrift and guide industry to lofty ends.

Again, many revolving wheels may be set up, to vex these waters, winding down the valley from the lake reservoir, and the hum of machinery, may call into service hundreds of busy artizans. We must found a church for them. Did the fathers thus reason? Did their forecast embrace such ambitious prospects or the distant tops of such large thoughts of the future? If they did not, God did for them. If they walked by the light of faith alone, God honored that faith, by making them the unconscious instruments, of laying foundations broad, deep and influential, and which contributed mightily to elevate the character and shape the destiny of the rising

community. I say, it envelopes these fathers with a kind of sublimity, that they, in this dark wilderness, in the exercise of a lofty faith, should thus unconsciously calculate for a grand future. And well did they calculate, and wisely, when they made, and led the community to make costly sacrifices, to sustain the gospel and to build the church of God, as the central pillar of a temporal and a spiritual prosperity. Was this outlay a profitable investment? Did it pay temporally? Yes, we say, without hesitation. In the first place, by promoting habits of industry, economy and prudence, which are the chief elements of thrift and prosperity. By arresting and beating back all those perverse passions, which tend to idleness on the one hand, and a reckless prodigality on the other. By elevating the range of thought, enlarging the views, and stimulating enterprise, and public spirit. And last, not least securing the blessing of God, on secular endeavor.

A prosperity not regulated by christian principle, but entirely emancipated from moral restraints, will consume itself on its own vices and selfish extravagances, and so be a curse, and not a blessing, and issue in the lowest moral degeneracy. This is true of individuals, communities and nations. A prosperity emancipated from the control of christian principle, may be utterly selfish and barren in the promotion of all public interests, and genial influences, and so be fruitful of misery and wretchedness. And even if we suppose godliness and ungodliness to be equally smart and enterprising, yet the former is exposed to far less damaging contingencies, than the latter, and is far more lasting and productive of good fruits. In fact the wealth of the wicked is generally a curse either to themselves or their children. Without a good degree of virtue and morality, secular enterprise will not flourish. Vice, sloth, and immorality will consume its sinews. Let infidelity and irreligion get the ascendancy and let the church wane, and there will be a mighty crop of sin and iniquity, which will soon root out all

prosperity and thrift. It is proved not only by reason, but a thousand facts teach how closely religion is connected with the temporal well being of a community.

This church during the fifty years of its existence, has been, if this view is true, an important element in the temporal prosperity of this place. It has exerted an influence to prevent society from becoming Christless and godless, and to build up that state of morals which is essential to the highest thrift. Religion thus pays richly for all it costs. The church and the gospel thus adds to the dollar value of every acre, and every building lot within the sight of its steeple, and the sound of its bell.

Whatever may have been the cost of this church, to the community, it has been a good investment, looking at it money-wise. If the expense of establishing this church, erecting this edifice, repairing it, and maintaining the Gospel here for fifty years, has been one thousand dollars a year, or in the aggregate fifty thousand dollars, who will say that it has not added this in those indirect, but effectual ways mentioned, to the actual wealth of this place. If its power and influence had been less, the aggregate of wealth had been less. If its power and influence had been so great as to exclude entirely sabbath breaking, intemperance and kindred vices, taxes for crime and pauperism had been greatly diminished, and the aggregate of wealth greatly increased.

But to promote temporal prosperity is not the direct aim of the church. This is indirect and incidental. This is a benefit which the church drops, on her way to a higher good.

Secondly. Let us inquire as to the effect of the church in elevating and sustaining the virtue and morality of a community. The tendency of our diseased human nature is downward. Everywhere the movements of society are on an inclined plane. It requires a strong moral force not only to roll a community up the plane, but to hold it at any point to which it may have been elevated. Let a company of emi-

grants go out from one of the highly moral and religious communities of New England, to some remote region of the West; let them depart from under the influences of religious ordinances and restraints; let them decline to take with them or to set up among them, and sustain in vigor the church, and the second generation will have relapsed far in their degeneracy from the christian civilization from which they went out. They will have rapidly approach a semibarbarism, rude, uncultivated, and immoral. Now one great work of the church is to resist and turn back this inevitable tendency, so often illustrated in our growing country. The church must go with the emigrant to uphold the new community and sustain it at the moral elevation of the fathers.

The seed corn which God planted here as the germ of this community, was to a great extent, a right and virtuous seed. Some of it was brought from Green Mountain ridges, some from the old Bay State, some from the central part of this State. The first settlers here came out most of them, from under precious christian influences, and away from godly churchers, and a godly ministry. No sooner had they provided shelter for their wives and children, than they began to plan for the church. As they sat of a lonely sabbath, in their log houses, with no sound of bell or sanctuary song, memory was busy. Their hearts burned within them for the church and the worship of their old homes, and they planted this vine. Now what had been the moral and social history of this place, had this church, and others which soon followed it, not been planted here.— Does it make no difference in the condition of a community, whether or not it is trained under religious influences. What has mainly caused the difference between us and heathenism between New England and Patagonia, socially, civally and religiously. What but the presence and work of a living church.

There are striking differences between different towns in this county, in morality, virtue, and general thrift, grow-

ing out of the character of the early settlers, and the institutions which they planted, I may instance the town of Sherman. That town has a noble record. There are those here capable of illustrating this reference. Now these moral differences, growing out of the presence and influence of a church, and a godly ministry, elude an arithmetical estimate. Their value cannot be determined in dollars and cents. Yet they are very great.

The church tends to elevate a community by the positive work for good which it carries forward.

It trains up a generation of better men than are trained in the school of the world, in the congregation, in the Sabbath School, in the family, and sends them forth to leaven society, and raise the standard of virtue. It proclaims truth, and holds forth principles which are strong restraints upon degeneracy and evil passions. It makes the Sabbath respected. It upholds its sanctity, a thing mightily connected, in God's plan, with the temporal prosperity of a people and the land.

Thus this church, has contributed to mould society after a worthy pattern. It has shed around and perpetuated a sterling piety, transplanted from New England. It has greatly affected the domestic, social and civil happiness of the community. It has affected the standard of education, and character among the young, has contributed to refine our sons, and polish our daughters. It has pioneered the way for the organizations of other churches, and been in some sense their mother. It has affected the moral elevation of community, which if not so high as we could wish, is yet without doubt far higher than it had been, had not this band of christians set up the standard of the cross.

Now the world may undervalue these influences and results. They are a common possession, like the air, or the water which every one may enjoy. It is their absence only that arrests attention. Though without them society is insufferable, yet when enjoyed they are scarcely

thought of. They are like a good government, the better it is the less it is felt. And as the world takes little note of their presence, so it forgets that hidden and noiseless agency, which originates and sustains them. It never thinks how soon virtue, morality, domestic and social happiness, and every blessing that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, would wane and disappear, were it not for the influences of the church of God.

Thus the church richly pays for itself, in the promotion of the social, moral and intellectual elevation of a people. These too are blessings, which the church drops on her way to a higher good.

But let us pass, lastly, to that great end which it is the office of the church to serve. *The conversion of men and the training them for heaven.* This is the high and noble work, which the church of Christ is appointed to do. But here I need not dwell. It is enough to have named this theme in such an audience as this. It is a theme often discussed. But it is true that no discussion, no language can equal its dignity and importance.

Let us confine our thoughts to the work of this church. And when I speak of the work of this church, in the conversion and training of souls for Heaven, I touch a theme that awakes the tenderest cords of emotion in many hearts. It brings back the happy day of the spiritual birth of some here present with us. It recalls the deep conviction, the dark struggle, the bright dawn, and the shining pathway. It awakes the sleeping memories of many, and brings back the forms, faces and words of venerated pastors gone, of many a father and mother in Israel, who have been trained here for glory; who have come to their graves like a shock of corn fully ripe, and have now gone to behold the King in his beauty, in the land that is very far off. When the Lord counteth up his people, he will write that many a saint in glory was born here. Commencing its growth with a handful, there have been constant accessions, both by immigration and

conversions. God has blessed the church with several powerful revivals, adding large companies to its numbers. That of 1830, 1858 and 1864 are worthy of special mention. The church has sent forth several ministers of the gospel who are now occupying stations of honor and usefulness. Dismission, secession and death have diminished its numbers, but others have arisen constantly to fill their places. Many who have departed, have left a glorious record, in their lives, and given a blessed testimony from the banks of Jordan. The passage to the celestial city has been frequent. Year by year and often month by month, pilgrims from this place have taken their departure. The stream flows heavenward—

“Part of the host have crossed the flood,”

and are there waiting, a goodly company, to welcome those who soon shall follow. Some are now standing on the borders of the river, their feet moistened by its waters, just ready to pass over and others still approaching the shore.

Is not the work of the church both bright and glorious. Are there not many witnesses, both on earth and Heaven, to show that the half century of this church now completed, has not been in vain.

Sum up now the 50 years work of this church, the influences, and results of its perpetual ministry, its godly officers, its fathers and mothers, their prayers, their family instruction, their words of council and admonition, their Sabbath School effort, their influence in moulding society. Calculate the united result, the whole aggregate of the half century, and what a sum. Suppose it were possible to measure definitely this result, to trace out distinctly its effect on community, on individuals, on those who have become christians, on those who were kept in paths of virtue and morality, on all who were in any degree, influenced or restrained by these efforts. Suppose it were possible to measure here—doubtless it will be hereafter, what there is of moral and religious life in this communi-

ty and the world which had been wanting, had there been no church established and maintained here, would it not be seen that a power had been exerted and a good done by the church here planted, worthy of honorable mention, worthy of this convocation, worthy of our joyous congratulations, and worthy we trust of a hearty God speed from her old pastors, from her sons in the ministry from the churches around us, as we cross the boundary, and enter upon the half century to come.

The following Hymn composed for the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Street, a former Pastor of the church was then sung :—

LINES:

Written for the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Congregational Church.

O Thou to whom a thousand years,
Are as the fleeting Summer day,
Our spent half-century appears
To thee, a momentary ray.

WE lack thine endless measuring line,
And count by years, Thy mercies o'er,
Long years, that show Thy hand divine,
And wondrous grace, which we adore.

O Builder of the Church of God,
Upon its own Eternal Rock,
Who hast the gates of hell withstood,
And all their rage and fury broke.

Thy grace has built Thy Temple here,
And polished all its living stones ;
Here listened to Thy people's prayer,
And saved Thine own believing ones.

What victories hath Thy Spirit wrought !
What stubborn hearts to Thee have bowed !
What wayward souls have here been taught,
And kept the pledge their lips have vowed !

What trials have Thy people seen,
What conflicts met, what storms endured,
What darkness past what anguish keen,
What burdens cast upon the Lord!

What graces hath Thy Spirit shed;
What holy virtues from above!
What memories of the sainted dead,
Remain to tell Thy wondrous love!

The past is sure; but not more sure
Than promised good for coming time;
Thy Kingdon ever shall endure,
Eternity is but its prime.

Then haste we on to toils to come,
Trusting in God's all faithful care;
Looking above to Heaven our home,
And the bright welcome waiting there.

HISTORICAL SKETCH, &c.

The commemoration of important events is a marked characteristic of man, and is found to prevail in all nations, whether civilized or barbarous. Nor are great national epochs alone regarded as suitable for special remembrance. Lesser communities and individuals also, have their anniversaries, their jubilees, and other set occasions, to be remembered and kept, as seasons suitable for instruction, for lamentation, or for rejoicing. To a believer in an overruling Providence who shapes the destinies of individuals, communities, and nations, "rough hew them how they will," it certainly looks reasonable, that those events which are turning-points in our history, either as standing alone, or as connected with others should be duly remembered, and made the subjects of reflection. In them, we should recognize the divine hand, and when we commemorate such events, it becomes us to entertain the feelings of reverence and submission, so justly due to Him who controls them all. We should feel and say with the Psalmist, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

But this tendency to commemorate events, is not simply a feeling planted in our breasts, although that alone would be evidence, that it is to be exercised. The institu-

tions of divine appointment and the written word also clearly shew us that it is in conformity with the divine will. The chosen people of God were specially commanded to commemorate particular events by special observances and solemn convocations. They were also to teach those who should come after them, the nature of their observances, and the historical facts on which they were founded. They were to call to mind their humble origin, the oppressions of Egypt, their deliverance from bondage, their dwelling in tents in the wilderness, and the special providences by which they were taught God's law, and put in possession of the promised land.

As one of the small communities brought into existence by the providential dealings of our Heavenly Father, and dedicated to his worship and glory, we have assembled today, in memory of our planting, to honor those who under God assisted in laying these foundations, to profit by the lessons which our history teaches; to mark our progress from small beginnings, until we became two bands, and up to our present condition; with thankfulness to note the interpositions of Providence; and we trust, to give glory to Him, whose hand has led us in the way. Our assembling may tend to gather up and preserve some of the fragments of our history which otherwise would be lost, may make us better acquainted with those who were instrumental in laying our foundations, may increase our attachment to our church, its polity and its members; and more than all, should lead us to have stronger faith in the Captain of our salvation, and quicken our zeal in his cause.

In order to appreciate our feebleness, when we were first organized as a band of worshippers and set up our standard in this wilderness, it is necessary to look into the state of the country on the 16th of June, 1816, when a few professing christians, here entered into covenant obligations with each other and with God, and were organized as a church of Christ. Our goodly village was then a mere hamlet in the midst of a forest. Its inhabitants were few in number,

most of whom were engaged in the manufacture of lumber, and the only spires we then had, were lofty pines, which then overshadowed this spot, and occupied most of the space, where dwellings, stores, churches, and other structures raised by man are now so abundant. The idea of a village at this place, to become at some future period a centre of business for the surrounding country was just started, and a few enterprising men were commencing the experiment.

In the Summer or Fall of 1805, James Prendergast, Esq., from whom our place takes its name, then a citizen of Rensselaer County, came over here from the Cross Roads, now Westfield, where were then a few settlers.— There was then no road, but the French and Indian trail. On a slight examination of our stream, used only by a few boatmen who came up from Pittsburgh occasionally for cargoes of salt, deposited at Mayville, he was quick to see, that near the head of "The Rapids," as the boatmen called the swift water between the Chautauqua Lake and the Cassadaga Creek, was an eligible site for business, when the country should be settled. Acquainted too with the country on the Ohio, he perceived also, that a profitable business could be done, in converting our pines into lumber for the river markets. Accordingly on his return east, he purchased a considerable tract of land on the Chautauqua Outlet, covering a large portion of our village. In 1809, he sent John Blowers to commence a settlement, who erected a log cabin near the Boat Landing bridge, and cleared a piece of ground. The next year, Mr. Prendergast arrived with his family and set about the erection of mills.

And here it may be proper to say something of the founder of our village and his family. Mr. Prendergast was the son of a Protestant Irishman by an American mother. When he came here, he was in the maturity of his manhood, of remarkably fine personal appearance, and an accomplished gentleman. Unlike most of the early

settlers, he possessed considerable means. In his religious preferences, he was an Episcopalian, but kindly disposed toward those with whom he differed. His wife was a native of Scotland, brought to this country when an infant. Her parents were religious people and members of one of the branches of the Presbyterian family. As might be expected, she had strong Presbyterian predilections, but nevertheless heartily united with us in sustaining gospel institutions, adhered to us in all our difficulties, and was ever one of our firmest friends. She was a plain sensible woman looking well to her household and who never tired in the performance of acts of benevolence and charity.

When your speaker came here, in the Fall of 1815, a rude village map had been made, a few streets and alleys planned and named, and perhaps fifty or a hundred lots marked out and surveyed. There was a sawmill with a gang of 16 saws, and a mill with a single saw, besides. They were kept running, night and day. There was also a small grist mill, a store, a tavern, a pottery, a blacksmith shop, a small tannery, and a few unfinished dwellings.—The number of families was thirteen, In addition to these, there were several men without families employed mostly about the mills.

In a place so new and small, it could not be expected, that much had been done for social or moral improvement, although plans for such objects were designed by the founder of the village. A building still in existence, and now known as the "Old Academy," had been commenced by him, and then stood very nearly upon the site of this edifice, and was removed a short distance when this was erected. That building was designed, both as a place for instruction and worship, and Judge Prendergast declared it to be his intention, that it should be free for all christian denominations, with this restriction, that the first religious society formed here, and regularly maintaining public worship should always have the right to use it when they desired. Being designed also to be the foundation of an academical institution, it was called *The Academy*.

In the summer of 1815, before the commencement of the Academy, the first school ever taught in Jamestown, was, by the influence of Mr. Prendergast, Mr. Fenton and a few others, opened in the house of Mr. Blowers, which stood on Main street, just below the Jamestown House. The teacher was the Rev. Amasa West, a native of Connecticut. He was for some time connected with Williams College, but never graduated. He came to this county at a very early period, and engaged in teaching near the Cross Roads. That was then the largest settlement in the county. Many of the old citizens of Westfield and its vicinity were his pupils. After being there some years, Mr. West removed to central Ohio and became a teacher in the settlements on the Muskingum river. That was largely a Connecticut colony, and then had several flourishing churches of our denomination, furnished with pastors and a Congregational Association. The original design of Mr. West was to preach the gospel, and during his sojourn in the Muskingum settlements, he was licensed to preach by the body I have mentioned. His certificate of license I have seen. It bore date at Granville, Ohio, and was signed by the Rev. Samuel P. Robbins who was either pastor at Granville or Marietta. I think at Marietta. This was shortly before he came to Jamestown.

We often hear much from two sister denominations about "sending the gospel in advance of all others to the new settlements;" and perhaps, the historians of one of them in writing its history, may claim among its early labors the planting of these very churches on the Muskingum, I have mentioned. With the exception of the church at Marietta, I believe that the most of them are now enrolled in another body, and I suppose the Association that licensed Mr. West, long since gave place to a Presbytery. An explorer among church records in New York and Ohio, and even in Pennsylvania, would bring to light many curious facts honorable to our Puritan ancestry.

But to return to Mr. West. When he commenced his

school, it was soon learned that he was a minister, and at the request of Mr. Prendergast, Mr. Fenton and others, he consented to preach, a sermon every alternate sabbath. I have no doubt he preached the first sermon ever preached in Jamestown. I knew it used to be told me, when I first came here, that such was the fact; and I have not been able to learn that any one preached a regular sermon before him. Wm. H. Fenton, Esq., an aged member of our church, whose father came here in 1813 and kept a tavern, tells me, that at an early day, but whether before Mr. West preached here or not, he does not remember, a gentleman on his way to Meadville stopped with them for the night, who was supposed by his parents to be a minister, (Ministers were easily recognized in those days.) On its being ascertained, that he was really a minister, Mrs. Prendergast and a few others were called in, and the stranger gave a short exhortation, and offered a prayer. This stranger was undoubtedly the Rev. Timothy Alden, the founder and the first president of Alleghany College.

When Mr. West commenced preaching, there were only three professors of religion in the place, viz. Captain Joseph Dix, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Fenton, all Congregationalists. It is proper that I should say a few words of Mr. West; for although he remained in the county, several years, I presume there are very few among us who have ever heard his name. How just is the remark, "Man being in honor, abideth not!" When I first knew Mr. West, he was about forty years of age, and a bachelor. Having lived long in the new settlements, he was careless of his personal appearance, and was at home in any log cabin, whose latch-string was on the outside. He was sincere, conscientious, and strictly orthodox; rather slow of speech, and not above mediocrity in point of ability. Possessing fair judgment and great self control, his influence if not great, was sure to be on the right side. I once heard a leading man, but not at all favorable to orthodox christianity, say of him, "West is a good man—His life shews

that he is a true philosopher." Like many others who have spent much of their lives in new settlements, as our community advanced, he left for fresher fields towards the setting sun, and I presume has been gathered to his fathers.

The first sermon I heard here was in 1815, shortly after my arrival. Information was given to me one Saturday, that there was a minister at Mr. Fenton's who would preach there, the next day. I soon called, and was introduced to the Rev. John Spencer, a missionary in the service of the Connecticut Missionary Society. I found him a plain old gentleman, nearly sixty years of age. He said his business was, to look up Christ's sheep, scattered here and there in this wilderness, to strengthen them what he could, and organize them in to churches, whenever a sufficient number could be found in any neighborhood, to warrant such a proceeding. He spoke of the prospect, that this little settlement would become a place of business, and he hoped soon to be able to form a church here, but said he could not learn, that there were professors enough here then. He enjoined it on me, to ascertain how many there were in the vicinity, and to do what I could, in furtherance of the object. The next day, he preached two sermons to a small but attentive congregation. The singing was conducted by General Horace Allen and Jesse Smith, Esq., of Panama, then young men working on the saw-mill. They were assisted by a few ladies.

Although Mr. West had closed his school he considered that his engagement to preach had not expired, and he came here, several times during the winter of 1816 for that purpose. On these occasions, he would state when he might be again expected. One sabbath, when by appointment, he was to be here, the people assembled, but no minister came. When it became evident that we were not to have a preacher, and the congregation were about to disperse, Mr. Nicholas Dolloff, now an aged citizen of Poland, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church,

but then a resident of the place, and not a professor of religion, arose and said, they had come to have a meeting and although the minister had not come, they could have one. He said that in New Hampshire, where he came from, when there was no minister, some one would read a sermon, and others pray, and he hoped that Captain Dix would lead the exercises by prayer and some one read a sermon. To this Captain Dix assented, and a volume of Whitefield's sermons having been procured, one of them was read. Some one proposed at the close, that such services should be held every Sabbath, when there was no preaching, and Sunday services were after that regularly held. So long as Mr. West continued to come, they were held in the hall of the Jamestown Hotel, where the Allen House now stands. Afterwards, they were held at the Academy, your speaker acting as reader and sexton, and Mr. Ebenezer Sherwin, a new comer amongst us, as chorister.

In June 1816, Mr. Spencer again visited the place, and stayed several days. It was now ascertained that the number of professors had increased since his former visit, and he advised the formation of a church. The few professors were accordingly assembled in the Academy, but a few feet from this spot, and after religious exercises and the adoption of a confession of faith, a covenant, and a few articles in relation to discipline, Mr. Spencer declared us a Church of Christ, by the name of the Second Congregational Church of Ellicott. To a copy of the confession of faith and covenant, he affixed a certificate drawn and signed by himself, setting forth our organization. This has been unfortunately lost. The formalities, usually thought important on such occasions, such as calling a council of neighboring churches and ministers, to advise in the matter, were necessarily dispensed with. There was no ordained minister except Mr. Spencer in a long distance, and no sister church, except that of Kiantone, then the first church of Ellicott, which we could conveniently attend.

At its organization, the church consisted of nine members, viz. Joseph Dix, Jacob Fenton and Lois Fenton, Oliver Higley and Lucretia Higley, Ebenezer Sherwin, Milton Sherwin, Abner Hazeltine and Daniel Hazeltine.— All have departed, except the three last named, and two only are now members of the church, the other survivor is a Methodist. They were all received on letters from other churches; three from churches in Vermont, two natives of Connecticut from the church in Burlington, Otsego county, and the others from the church in Edinburgh, Saratoga county. Those who came from Edinburgh were originally from Vermont, and from the same neighborhood with those who came from Vermont directly. The early additions were largely from the same neighborhood.

For several years after our organization, Mr. Spencer visited us twice a year, or oftener, and occasionally ministers from other boards or traveling through the country gave us a call. Those who passed this way most frequently, were the Rev. Timothy Alden, already mentioned, and the Rev. Mr. Chase, of Centerville, Pennsylvania. Mr. Alden was a native of Massachusetts and had been a pastor in Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Chase was a cousin of Bishop Chase, of Illinois, and uncle of Chief Justice Chase. Both these gentlemen, though originally Congregationalists were then connected with presbyteries. Mr. Spencer's visits were continued until we had a pastor, and when he came, he usually administered the ordinances.

Of Mr. Spencer, I propose to speak somewhat at length. He was in many respects a remarkable man, and it is fitting there should be some memorial of his life and labors. He was born at Spencertown, in the town of Austerlitz, Columbia county. The first settlers in that region came from Southern Massachusetts, and Northern Connecticut. Among them, the Spencers were prominent, and gave their name to the principal settlement, where a flourishing Congregational church was formed, over which several doctors in divinity have presided. It is now a Presby-

terian church. Mr. Spencer was of the same family with the Hon. Ambrose Spencer, and more nearly related to the late Joshua A. Spencer and Dr. Ichabod S. Spencer.

His early education was only that of the common school. He arrived at manhood in the stirring times of the revolution, and was a participant in the events of that period. He served early and long in our armies, first in the troops of Massachusetts, and afterwards in those of his native state. He entered a private, rose to be an officer, and served some time as the aid of the gallant Colonel Willetts. He used to say when interrogated about his education, that he was educated in the continental army. Although his education was so limited, he wrote and spoke English with great accuracy. He had much intellectual acuteness, and was noted for the keenness of his wit. As a preacher he was remarkably clear and logical, always making himself distinctly understood. He used to preach a sermon on the divine sovereignty, which was a very compact and logical argument. A Methodist preacher who heard it, said to him, "Mr. Spencer, I heard your sermon, it is very able, I cannot answer it, but I do not believe a word of it." "I am sorry to hear you say so," said Mr. Spencer, "very little of it is mine, it was nearly all of it taken from the Bible." It was in fact a skilful arrangement of texts bearing upon the subject with apt illustrations from scripture history.

At times he was quite impressive and appeared to feel deeply. I shall always remember the impressive manner in which he administered the Lord's Supper, and the last public prayer I heard him offer. I had supposed him rather formal in prayer; but on that occasion he was exceedingly solemn and his utterances peculiarly appropriate and felicitous. A minister present remarked, "Father Spencer is a giant."

Many are the anecdotes which were told of him in his missionary days; but I have time for only a very few. He was not only a good horseman, but an excellent judge of

horses. Except his first engagement in this county, which he performed on foot, he always traveled on horseback.— His daughter, Lydia, his only surviving child, thus writes respecting his labors. “ His only or chief chance for study was while he was riding alone in the woods. That he used his Bible and Hymn Book much in all weathers, their soiled appearance will attest. He always carried them in his coat pocket, and they are badly stained through more than half the depth of their leaves. I have heard him say, that beside all his other reading, he had read the Bible through by course, eight times, while riding alone.”

For many years, he rode a very large powerful horse, which he obtained from a Mr. Goodrich, who kept a tavern near Eighteen Mile Creek, on the road to Buffalo, where Mr. Spencer often had occasion to stop. On one of these occasions, when he was about leaving, his horse which was a fine animal attracted Mr. Goodrich's attention, who said, “ Mr. Spencer, your horse is a fine one, and if you ever trade, I should like to exchange one I have for him.” Mr. Spencer replied, “ I will look at your horse Mr. Goodrich.” The horse was produced, and Mr. Spencer remarked at once, “ How do you propose to trade, Mr. Goodrich?” The answer was, “ I think I ought to have your horse and twenty dollars, for mine.” To which Mr. Spencer said, “ Will you take forty dollars, and never complain that the old minister cheated you?” “ I will” said Mr. Goodrich, and the exchange was made. Some time after, Mr. Spencer again passed that way, and stopped as usual. Mr. Goodrich was unusually pleasant and remarked, “ I thought I was smart in a horse trade; but you are a great deal smarter than I am, Mr. Spencer, I find no fault, you are welcome to call as often as you please.” From that time he made no charges against Mr. Spencer, a courtesy never extended before.

Mr. Spencer was not above the medium size, but very strong and muscular, and capable of great endurance. His continental education, no doubt, fitted him for the service

he performed in this wilderness. He was plain and simple in all his habits, and could readily adapt himself to all circumstances. During his missionary life, he uniformly wore a black coat and brown corduroy small clothes. His coat was of strong, but rather coarse materials, and always of the same cut. Soon after he began to travel in this county, he visited Olean, then a small place, and far removed from any other white settlement, and preached there. Some ten years after, he again visited the place and preached. At the close of the service, a man partially deranged accosted him, "Mr. Minister," said he, "you preached here ten years ago," naming the time and place, "I think I was here about that time," said Mr. Spencer. "I know you were" said the man, "and you wore the very same coat and breeches, you have on now."

Mr. Spencer was forty two years old when he was licensed to preach. He was living at that time in that part of the town of Worcester, Otsego county, which is now Maryland, then a new settlement. He had been for sometime a professor of religion, and in the habit of assisting in public worship, by leading in prayer, and reading sermons. There were few ministers in that region, and it was believed by his friends, that he would be useful as a preacher of the gospel. After spending a little time in theological studies, with the Rev. Dr. David Porter, then pastor of the church at Spencertown, he presented himself for licensure to the Northern Associated Presbytery, and was licensed by that body, on the 29th of October, 1800. His certificate of licensure is still in existence, signed by Dr. Porter. If there was time, I should like to say much about the body that licensed him, and the men who composed it. It is a subject I have been investigating, and is rich in interest. But it is not appropriate on this occasion. If my life and health are spared, I may, on a future occasion, and in another manner, furnish a chapter to the history of Congregationalism in New York. This Northern Associated Presbytery was not, as its name might indicate,

an integral part of the great Presbyterian body. The Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, whose taste for historical research is well known, informs me that he never heard of the body, and so does the Rev. Dr. Tucker. Both these gentlemen became connected with the Synod of Albany nearly forty years ago; and if such a body was ever connected with that Synod, they would have known it. I know that some of the ministers and churches connected with it were Congregationalists, and it is not unlikely that some Presbyterians were also connected. Hence its peculiar name. Mr. Spencer was ordained by the same body at Stillwater, in October, 1801, and the proceedings on that occasion were according to our usages. The church at Stillwater, was at that time, a strictly Congregational church. That church was organized at Canaan, Connecticut, and removed with its pastor to Stillwater, in 1762.

Mr. Spencer was in principle a decided Congregationalist. When he came to this county, he was a member of the Oneida Association. In 1817, the Niagara Presbytery was formed. The ministers composing it were New England men, and had been Congregationalists, but were then disposed to convert the Congregationalism existing here to Presbyterianism. To effect this, they invited Mr. Spencer to unite with them. The old gentleman, regarding the plan of union that had been adopted by the General Association of Connecticut and the Presbyterian General Assembly binding on him, as a missionary from Connecticut, proposed to comply, if they would take the churches he had formed, according to that plan. This was at first declined, and he was told that he could readily induce the churches to change their organization. They said, they wanted no mules. Mr. Spencer's quick reply was, "I suppose I am a full blooded Ass. I think I will remain as I am." When it was ascertained that he would not come on their terms, he was received on his own. Mr. Spencer became a member of Presbytery, and most of the churches became connected with it, retaining, however,

their own form of government and modes of proceeding. This church united with the Niagara Presbytery in that way, by a vote passed the twenty-seventh of June, 1818.

In 1819, there was considerable revival here and in the neighboring towns. We were visited by several ministers, and among others by the Rev. Phineas Camp, for some time pastor of the Presbyterian church at Westfield, where there had been a similar work. Elder Davis and some other Baptist preachers, visited this region, preaching to their own people and ours. Elder Davis, who was an old neighbor to some of our members in Vermont, preached to us statedly for a time by special arrangement. Our Methodist brethren, a few of whom resided here, although they had no organization in the village, were also active, and held frequent meetings in the place. As the result of all that was done, a goodly number through the blessing of God, were converted. As the fruits of this revival, seven persons, all heads of families, and influential, were admitted to the church by profession, and several others by letter.

On the twenty-second day of October, 1821, a meeting of the members of the church, and others statedly worshipping with us, was held pursuant to notice, for the purpose of organizing a religious corporation, under the statutes of this State. That object was accomplished, the corporation taking the name of The First Congregational Church of Jamestown. The first Trustees were William Deland, Daniel Hazeltine and Samuel A. Brown. Immediately after this, the church itself ceased to be known as the Second Church in Ellicott, and has since been uniformly known as the First Congregational Church of Jamestown. It should have been so styled at first; but at its organization, it was not fully settled what the village would be called. Its usual designation was *The Rapids*, and some were very tenacious of it; but Jamestown finally prevailed. About this time our Methodist brethren organized here. Previously, those who resided here, were connected with the Methodists in the Palmiter or Willcox settlement.

From 1821 to 1824, public worship was regularly observed in the Academy, though generally without preaching. Many attempts were made to procure a stated supply by a minister of our denomination, none of which were successful. As a last resort, in the Summer of 1824, some of the members of the church united with other persons in employing the Rev. Rufus Murray of the Protestant Episcopal Church, then residing at Mayville, to supply us, one half of the time during the season of navigation on the lake. Previous to that time, the young men of the place, either neglected public worship, or met with the Methodists. They were pleased with Mr. Murray, who was a very social man and a good preacher. The sudden death of one of their number, who was a great favorite, produced a deep sensation, which Mr. Murray followed up by solemn appeals. The result was earnest inquiry with many as to the way of salvation, and evidences of a revival. Neighboring ministers visited us occasionally, and the solemnity evidently increased. While matters were in this state, one of the members, being at Warren on business, there met with the Rev. Isaac Eddy, who was on a visit to his brother, at that place, and invited him to Jamestown. Mr. Eddy remained with us several weeks, preaching with much acceptance and greatly reviving the church. Many of our prominent young people, and some leading citizens, among whom was Judge Foote, gave evidence of conversion, and were afterwards received into communion.

Mr. Eddy soon after he left us was invited to return and labor with us, in connection with the churches at Kiantown and Busti, for the period of one year. Before the expiration of that time, he was called to be our pastor, this church assuming his entire support. He was soon after duly installed. During his pastorate, the progress of the church was onward. There was scarcely a communion season without additions. The village grew rapidly, and the surrounding country was prosperous. Mr. Eddy was a faithful pastor, and perhaps at no other time has

the discipline of the church been so strictly enforced. The church from being dependent on foreign aid, became self-supporting.

In the Fall of 1827, an association was formed for erecting a meeting house. In this enterprise, no one was more active than Alvin Plumb, Esq., then a young and prosperous merchant in the village. Up to this time the old Academy, which had ceased to be used as a school-house, was our place of worship. It had been somewhat remodeled, and fitted up with a gallery, but was wholly inadequate to our wants. After considerable debate as to location, size and form, the building was raised the latter part of June, 1828, but was not finished until December, 1829. It was, when completed, the best church edifice in the county.

But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked. A portion of the church, including some who had been brought into it by Mr. Eddy's instrumentality, about this time made the discovery that Mr. Eddy was an unlearned man, that he had become old and was behind the times, and it began to be said that he should not preach in the new house. The time for dedication was approaching and a neighboring minister was spoken of by many as the preacher, on that occasion. The acting Trustee, a man of much financial ability, reported that he was unable to raise the salary for the current year. Upon this announcement Mr. Plumb and Dr. Hazeltine, members of the society, but not of the church, said that if the *sheep* would not pay their minister the *goats* would undertake it. They got up a subscription for the reported deficiency which was filled in a day with a handsome surplus.

Although the salary was raised, the state of things was not agreeable to a man of Mr. Eddy's temperament, and at the close of the year he tendered his resignation, which was accepted. As very many present have but a slight knowledge of Mr. Eddy, a short sketch of his life and character will be appropriate.

The Rev. Isaac Eddy, the first pastor of this church, was born in Middleborough, in that part of Massachusetts known as the Old Colony. His ancestors were among the first settlers at Plymouth and its neighborhood. The family is a numerous one in New England, especially in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and many of the name have occupied distinguished social positions. He was born in the year 1774. When he was quite young his father's family emigrated to Woodstock, Vermont, where he spent his youth, learning the trade of a clothier and in other laborious pursuits. In 1796 he married Betsey McCary, a native of Lyme, in Connecticut, who very recently was called to her rest, in the full assurance of hope, at the advanced age of ninety years.

Soon after his marriage he moved to Pittsfield, Rutland County, Vermont, where he established himself in business, first as clothier and afterwards as a merchant. He soon became a leading citizen of the place, and was for many years a Justice of the Peace, and several times a member of the Vermont Assembly. Soon after his removal to Pittsfield, he and his wife became members of the Congregational Church of that town, and when comparatively a young man he was elected one of its deacons.—Pittsfield is one of those towns that are nestled among the Green mountains. It had a hardy and industrious population but a sparse and comparatively poor population, and the church was much of the time without a settled pastor. When such was the case, it devolved upon Mr. Eddy to conduct public worship, which was regularly sustained. The propriety with which he discharged this and other duties, attracted the notice of neighboring ministers, who in view of the great want of suitable laborers in the ministry, advised him to enter it. His own convictions for some time had been, that his duty lay in that direction, and although he had a large family of young children and but little property, he did not feel at liberty to disregard the indications of Providence.

He was licensed to preach by the Royalton Association of Congregational ministers in 1818, and soon after commenced preaching in Bridgewater, Vermont, where his labors were very much blessed. After a short season, he came to this State, and connected himself with the Oneida Association, by which body he was ordained. For a time he supplied a church in the town of Genoa in the county of Cayuga, and afterwards became the pastor of the Congregational church in the town of Locke in the same county. That church, like most other Congregational churches in Western New York, was connected with presbytery, under the plan of union, as it was called, and Mr. Eddy, although always a Congregationalist by preference, became a member of the Cayuga Presbytery. I have said, these churches united with presbyteries on the plan of union, which is usually understood, to mean the plan agreed upon by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church and the General Association of Connecticut. It would probably, be more accurate, to say, that they did so, under an arrangement between the Synod of Albany and the Middle and Ontario Associations of Congregational ministers, the particulars of which are not very well understood.

From Locke, Mr. Eddy came to this place. After his resignation here, he removed to Kiantone, and supplied for a time, the churches of Kiantone and Busti. His health soon failed, and he returned to this place, where he died on the twenty-sixth of June 1833, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Mr. Eddy was above the medium size, and of noble presence. He had, in his secular employments learned much of men, and of the methods of approaching them.—Although he never courted applause, he was sure to acquire the good will of those with whom he had intercourse; and whatever estimate was put upon his abilities, it was uniformly conceded that he was a good man. His opinions were always freely and plainly spoken, especially upon subjects connected with his religious belief, in res-

pect to which he was very decided, although always conceding to others the perfect right to judge for themselves. He was not an extensive reader, but studied thoroughly the books he read. It was evident that he constantly read the Bible; and next to that, he seemed to value the treatise of Edwards on the Affections.

In his pulpit performances, he was wholly devoid of art, yet his preaching often left a deep impression, the deeper, perhaps, because his manner was so natural, and so entirely free from all affectation. He spoke directly to the understanding and the heart, seeking only to convince and interest, without the least attempt to please the fancy.— He was never imaginative. The arguments he used were texts of scripture, and his illustrations, bible facts. It is believed, that while the sayings of others, esteemed more able and eloquent, are obliterated from the memory, traces of his simple earnestness will be fresh and abiding, often bringing to mind his kindly tones and venerable form.

Upon the retirement of Mr. Eddy, the Rev. E. J. Gillet, now Dr. Gillet, was invited to supply the pulpit. As he is still living, I shall not attempt to portray his character, any further than the facts I have to delineate, render it necessary. He was at first a Baptist preacher, but came here a zealous Presbyterian, seeming to believe, that his mission was to presbyterianize the church. When he came, the church and society had become strong. The business of the place had greatly increased, and the village was assuming a commanding position. People flocked to the place for various reasons, among whom were many professors of religion, who cast in their lot with us. The Summer of 1831, was a season of general revival throughout the country, and our church shared in the glorious work. On the second day of October in that year, forty-eight were admitted to the church. Nearly all of them were received on the profession of their faith. This is the greatest number ever received at one time to our communion. The church was now strong in numbers, in influ-

ence, and in the means of supporting its institutions, but with all this prosperity there was evidently a want of harmony. As early as August 5th, 1830, a prominent member gave notice, that he should at some subsequent meeting, move for a division of the church. The same member was afterwards a leader in the division that occurred.—When he gave the notice, he indicated nothing in respect to his reasons for a division, nor the principles upon which it should be made.

About this time, the great conflict between the old and new school parties in the Presbyterian church was at its height. Barnes and the elder Beecher were arraigned as heretics, and the whole subject was an engrossing topic among evangelical christians. Mr. Gillet was a zealous new school man, and in private interviews with leading members, used to urge the importance of our becoming Presbyterians, on the ground that it would add more strength to the new school party. He said there were men in the church who would make good members of the General Assembly, but could not be sent there as we were Congregationalists. There were also frequent remarks, that another church was wanted in the eastern part of the village, which then, as well as more recently, was supposed to grow much faster than other portions of it. This constant talk about Presbyterianism and another church, no doubt helped to prepare the way for what afterwards followed. On the twelfth of September, 1833, Messrs. Foote and Waite, both of whom had been brought up Congregationalists, had an entry made upon the records, that they were Presbyterians.

After Mr. Gillet's installation, he became more outspoken than before, in relation to his views of church polity; and although many things were conceded to him for the sake of harmony, it was evident that some of these things were regarded with little favor by a majority of the church, and that not a few were jealous of what they regarded as Congregational liberty. It is true, that some who were

Presbyterians by preference had come into the church, and there were others who came from New England, with little knowledge or care about church polity. They were Congregationalists, because they supposed that denomination was really what it has sometimes been called, *The Standing Order*. Persons of that description frequently make the discovery, that in New York, Presbyterianism or Methodism come nearer being the *standing order*, that is, the more popular or prevailing order than Congregationalism.

In speaking of the division of the church which occurred in 1834, I am aware, that I am treading on debatable ground. Perhaps not exactly "between burning ploughshares," but I am apprehensive that the fires which heated them are not wholly extinguished. I am aware also, that very different versions have been given, both of the cause and the facts of that division. It has been said even, that we seceded from the Presbyterians. How that could be, when we never were a Presbyterian church, and remained what we were at the formation, it is difficult to conceive. Still it was even quite common in some circles, to speak of us as *the seceders*. Some attributed the cause of our division to a controversy which at one time existed in the church, in respect to free masonry. That controversy, no doubt, caused some of the alienation of feeling that existed, but when the division came, it was not "on that line." Several of those who had been, or were free masons, remained with us, whilst others of the same class went with the Presbyterians. By others, the division was attributed to alienated feelings, growing out of the dismissal of the Rev. Mr. Eddy and opposition to his successor. It is very likely, Mr. Eddy's dismissal intensified, in some minds, the ill feeling that existed. With regard to Mr. Gillet, had he been less zealous for Presbyterianism, and said less about a division of the church, he would not have been opposed. What opposition there was to him, and there was not much previous to the separation, was mainly on those

grounds. It is also a fact, that when the separation came, some who had been active in bringing about Mr. Eddy's dismissal remained firm adherents of the old church, whilst some of Mr. Eddy's friends, and even some members of his family, went with those who left.

The principal cause of the division, and without which it would not have occurred, was the desire on the part of a few leading minds, the pastor included, to revolutionize the church, and by making it distinctively Presbyterian, to transfer the government of the church from the majority to a select few, who could be more readily managed.— They intended, undoubtedly, to retain the records, the ecclesiastical corporation, the church edifice, and the prestige of the old church. Most likely they expected that the strong Congregationalists, rather than surrender them, would eventually submit to the desired change. Their motions to divide, I always believed were arguments *in terrorem*.

But the crisis at last came. Judge Foote, on the twelfth of September, 1833, the same day on which he had his name entered on the minutes as a Presbyterian, offered a resolution in these words:—"Resolved, that the book of constitutions of the Presbyterian church of the United States should be observed by this church, so far as is consistent with a Congregational church, on the plan of Union between Presbyterian and Congregational churches under the Buffalo Presbytery." Rightly understood and construed, this resolution, if adopted, would not have been particularly offensive; but it was prefaced with some remarks, the substance of which was, that Congregationalists had no established discipline, that we needed some guide, and that connected as we were with Presbytery, it was best to adopt their constitution and directory as our guide. These remarks rendered it evident to those whose suspicions were already awakened, by what had been said and done, that it was part of a plan to change the government of the church; and that if adopted, we should, in point of

fact, be governed by Presbyterian rules. Of course the introduction of the resolution caused some sensation; and the more, as Mr. Gillet had previously been in the habit of taking with him, *The Book*, as it was called, to church meetings and citing its rules and directions. A counter resolution was immediately offered by Mr. Daniel Hazeltine, to the effect that the connection between the church and Presbytery be dissolved, and measures taken to form an Association. Action was not then pressed upon either resolution.

On the fifth of December following, a new Clerk was appointed, who presented a charge against one of the members upon "common fame and general rumor," no one appearing as an accuser. The church had always before required charges against members to be presented by a responsible accuser, with his name subscribed to the complaint. Objections were made to the reception of this complaint, unless some accuser appeared on the record, it not being according to Congregational usage, it was urged, to investigate charges founded on common fame. The complaint was however received, and a committee appointed to prosecute the alleged offender, and the meeting adjourned to the eighteenth of the same month, at 10 A. M.

On that day, after the transaction of some other business, the resolution proposed by Mr. Daniel Hazeltine was called up, and the question thereon taken by yeas and nays and lost, twenty-two voting in favor, and the same number against the resolution. The resolution of Judge Foote, in relation to the Presbyterian book was also taken up and lost. That question not having been taken by yeas and nays, and being myself absent, the whole of that winter, I am unable to state precisely how the vote stood. It is understood to have been lost by a large majority. The case of discipline on the charge of "Common Fame" was then taken up, and the accused being present, it was moved that he be required to answer. This was opposed, on the grounds, that there was no responsible accuser, and

that the previous steps of gospel labor, had not been taken. And here it should be remarked that it was contended that the charge mainly insisted on, was of such a character, that private labor as a preliminary step, was required by the Presbyterian Directory, and this point was raised when the complaint was introduced. The motion to require the accused to plead, as the matter then stood, was lost. Judge Foote then moved, that the church observe the rules of the Presbyterian church, in cases where we have no rules to govern us. This motion was put and lost. When this motion was decided, it is said, that Mr. Gillet, who had the Book in his hands, threw it down, and said with much emphasis, "We have no law, no rules to guide us. How am I to moderate this meeting?" The quick reply of Deacon Garfield was, "For mercy's sake, Mr. Gillet, let us do then as the early settlers in Connecticut resolved to do, be governed by the laws of God, until we can make such as are better."

The results which were obtained caused a deep sensation. They were undoubtedly unexpected by those who wished a change. The time and circumstances under which the votes were taken were supposed to be favorable for a different termination. Those who desired a different result had selected their own time and manner for bringing it about, and they supposed that some obstacles that might be in the way, were removed, an old member, decidedly Congregational being absent. The then clerk of the church was of the Presbyterian party. His entry in the records in respect to the last motion of Judge Foote, is as follows: "Motion after discussion being put was lost." He then adds: "Taking into consideration existing circumstances and contending opinions as to church government, they being such as to paralyze all efforts to discipline, it was deemed necessary, that steps be taken preparatory to a division of church, accordingly, committees were chosen to adopt measures for a division of church and society property &c." The following persons were chosen as such

committee. Those on the Congregational side were Daniel Hazeltine, William M. Eddy and James Carey.— Those on the side wishing to remain with Buffalo Presbytery were Elial T. Foote, Joseph Wait and Elias Haven. The meeting after the choice of a delegate to Presbytery, adjourned to the 25th of the same month.

On that day, the church again met. Propositions for division were made by both parties, neither of which was accepted. It was then moved that the sense of the church, on the expediency of a division, should be taken.— This was done, and the yeas and nays being called for, twenty voted that it was expedient, and twelve that it was *not*. Of the twenty, ten afterwards went with the Presbyterians and ten remained with us. Of the twelve voting in the negative, all but two remained with us.— The records as kept by the then clerk, next state, “ that the Congregational part of the church came forward with propositions for a division of church property &c., at a certain future day, therein specified, which were accepted by the other party.

These propositions are not spread upon the record, but the substance of them was, that the Congregationalists should, within a specified time, pay to the Presbyterians a stipulated sum, supposed to be half the value of the church grounds, purchase all the pews of such pewholders as preferred to sell at the prices originally placed upon them, and permit the Presbyterians to use the house, until the terms were complied with. It was further understood, that the respective parties should be at liberty to worship separately, if such was their choice, during the period that should intervene between that time, and the time fixed for completing the arrangement to divide.

As soon as it was ascertained, that the Congregationalists would carry out the arrangement on their part, fifty-four members of the church were by its pastor organized as a Presbyterian church. Several others, shortly after, took letters of dismissal to the new church.

Upon the character of this transaction, I do not propose to comment. Whether it was in accordance with christian principles, or was effected by legitimate means, or in conformity with Presbyterian usages, I shall not attempt to decide. The new church was not formed by the Presbytery, but was received into it after its organization. That the division was unnecessary and uncalled for at the time, and would not have occurred, if the prudent course pursued by father Eddy had been continued, I am quite confident.

The division left us greatly diminished in numbers and pecuniary ability. The ministers in this region were nearly all zealous Presbyterians, generally unwilling to render us any assistance. We had taken upon ourselves a heavy debt which it took many years to discharge.— This discouraged many, and hindered others who were Congregationalists by preference from uniting with us.— Some who came from New England were *Standing Order* men, and had strong preferences for the *strongest* church. As may readily be supposed, we did not find it easy to obtain a minister suited to our situation. A providential circumstance brought the Rev. Ephriam Taylor into the neighborhood, who continued with us a few months, and then returned East, to finish his studies. We were then but partially supplied for some time. The ministers in this region, excepting a very few, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Gregory, of Westfield, gave us the cold shoulder. The Rev. Jabez B. Hyde, who had been connected with the Seneca Mission, an elderly gentleman, and so thoroughly old school as to have little sympathy with the Buffalo Presbytery, supplied us for a time. It was as much as we could do, to meet current expenses and pay the interest on our debt.

At the time of the separation, there were several in the church, who, although, not Presbyterians, nor willing to adopt the Presbyterian discipline, yet thought it best to remain connected with Presbytery on the accommoda-

tion plan. After trying this for a time, the course of that body towards us was such, as to satisfy those brethren, that it would be for our comfort to dissolve the connection. It was accordingly done, and this church united with four others in forming what was first called The Association, afterwards, The Consociation of Western New York.

This, as the result has shown, was a judicious step, but its effect at first was, to increase our difficulties. Our churches were feeble and most of them needed aid, and strange as it may now seem, the Home Missionary Society would not aid a minister employed by them, unless recommended by two members of the Presbytery. Our own organization was not recognized as a regular body.— It was also soon discovered, that we were not understood in New England. The divisions in the Presbyterian church were the engrossing topics in ecclesiastical circles then, and a large portion of the New England ministers believed the new school men, were their only kith and kin beyond the Hudson. The General Association of New York which came into existence, a few months after our separation, was very tardily received into correspondence with other similar bodies in New England. A delegate from the New School body, who was a D. D. and had been a New England pastor, and again became one not long afterwards, represented us to be an inconsiderable body of schismatics. His remarks were published in the *Boston Recorder* and other papers of our denomination. Our answers though courteously expressed were not published, nor any reason given why they were not.— Only one paper, *The Puritan*, then just started by the Rev. Dr. Cooke, of Lynn, ventured to criticize his remarks, or to express any sympathy for us.

At that time, the subject of the church polity was almost lost sight of in New England. The treatises on that subject by the early fathers, Mather, Cotton and others were out of print, and the leading seminaries ignored the whole matter.

It is true about that time, a few began to awake to its importance. Punchard, a young minister in the interior of New Hampshire, published his views of Congregationalism, a very valuable work, to which Dr. Storrs wrote an introduction. About the same time, Mitchell, another young minister, published his Guide, a lesser but very useful work. Dr. Bacon also supplied the lack in the Seminary at New Haven, by giving a few voluntary lectures on church polity to such students as were disposed to hear them. Those who attended the great council at Boston, can hardly realize the state of things that existed thirty years ago.

After many attempts in various directions, to get a minister without success, we at length induced Mr. Taylor to return. He was installed our pastor, and remained with us, two years, faithfully and acceptably discharging the duties of his office. He then believed it to be his duty to return once more to New England, and we were again left to take care of ourselves. A minister in New England to whom we sent an invitation to visit us, referred us to another minister in Franklin county, evidently supposing that Jamestown was somewhere in the Chateaugay woods, confounding the Northeastern with the Southwestern corner of this not very small state. We at length secured the services of the Rev. Edway Pameley, who was then preaching occasionally at Ashville, in what would be called rather an irregular way, that is, he had received no license from any ecclesiastical body, but felt impelled to do what he did, to induce his fellow men to repent and believe. Some of our people hearing a good account of him, invited him to spend a few Sabbaths with us. His preaching was acceptable, and the Association soon gave him a formal license. He was soon after installed our pastor.— After being with us a few years, he contracted a bronchial affection which rendered it impossible for him to speak so as to be heard in our church, and compelled him to resign. His ministry was generally acceptable; and during its

continuance and that of Mr. Taylor's, there was considerable revival, and a goodly number received into the church who became efficient members.

On Mr. Pamily's leaving us, we were for a time without a minister, Mr. S. H. Elliott, a member of the New Haven Seminary supplied us a few weeks, and gave us encouragement that he would return. This was the beginning of a new era. We now felt that we should be recognised at home. Mr. Elliott did not return, but sent in his place the Rev. Owen Street. Several were twice disappointed in him—first, that it was not Mr. Elliott who came—and then, that they found themselves liking Mr. Street better than they did Mr. Elliott.

Our New England brethren about this time began to see that they had neglected their own children, to foster and protect those of their neighbors. Soon after Mr. Street's arrival, the Connecticut Missionary Society sent a missionary to look after the feeble churches which their former missionary, Father Spencer, had planted. It was not long before the Home Missionary Society recognized us and our organizations. It has since become the organ of our own denomination. The times change, and not only we, but institutions change also.

But I am getting a little too near the present time, to enlarge. Mr. Street became our pastor, and remained with us nine years. His pastorate was a season of prosperity. Our numbers and our strength increased, the old debt was obliterated, and we again felt strong. Our minister was a favorite in the community, and perhaps greater harmony has at no time prevailed. The only charge we have against Mr. Street is, that he stole away from us, unawares, as did Jacob from Laban the Syrian; and although he did not like his prototype, take away our daughters he did carry with him, the affections of the people.

Mr. Street was in a few months succeeded by the Rev. Sylvanus P. Marvin, of Saybrook, Conn., a recent graduate from the New Haven Seminary, who remained with

us five years and a half. As might be expected from a descendant of the Mathers, coming from the place from which the celebrated *platform* took its name, he was a good pastor, and faithful to the church and denomination to which he belonged. Much was done by him to strengthen Congregationalism in introducing several valuable ministers. He was a friend of order, and came and went in an orderly manner.

We come now to the present pastorate which commenced about six months after the close of Mr. Marvin's. It is enough to say of it, and of our pastor, that our progress is still onward; that in his ministry, we have had a precious revival; that we are contemplating soon, greatly through his instrumentality, to exchange our place of worship for a new edifice of a more substantial material, and that it is our hope his pastorate has yet to continue many years.

I had contemplated saying something of the deacons of our church, but we have not the time, and I shall merely give their names. Our first deacon was Joseph Dix. His successors have been, William Deland, Samuel Garfield, Loring Sherman, James Cary, Eber Keyes, Abner Hazeltine, Ezra Wood, John C. Jones and Julius L. Hall.—Four of our deacons have been called to their reward, two others are lingering on the brink of the grave, and two have been dismissed to other churches.

And now my brethren, I have performed the duty assigned me. It has been pleasant to recall the memories of years long past, and to bring in review the scenes and actors of former times. To me, it has been indeed a labor of love. It is a pleasure to think and to speak of former associates, and to notice the kindly dealings of our heavenly Father. We have great reason to be grateful for the numerous favors and blessings which he has bestowed upon us. Through his goodness, our ways have been ways of pleasantness, and our paths peace. Since the great contest in 1834, which rent us asunder, we have had few jars,

and have known little of jealousies, heartburnings, or unbittered feelings. We are at peace with our neighbors of other denominations, and can meet and pray with them, as brethren. The matters about which we differ are not often mentioned, except in a friendly spirit. Of our Presbyterian brethren who went out from us, but few remain, and towards those who do, we trust, we entertain none but friendly feelings. A new generation has arisen among them, even more fully than with us; and we certainly do not hold them accountable for any acts of their predecessors, which in our judgement were wrong. Substantially, we believe, "Ephraim has ceased to envy Judah, and Judah to vex Ephraim." The separation that occurred was painful at the time, but no doubt has been overruled for good. Of one thing, I have no doubt, that is, that it tended to strengthen distinctive Congregationalism.

Thus blessed, my brethren what are the duties incumbent upon us? Will you bear with me, whilst I suggest a few things for your consideration? I claim no especial right to administer admonition, or to give advice. Although my connection with the church dates back to the day we celebrate, and my love for it has been great; yet although the weight of many years press upon me, I am by no means "such a one as Paul the aged," and I will only plead with you, as an erring brother.

My experience teaches me, that if we desire the prosperity of the church, we must personally labor for it, must make it the object of our earnest prayers and constant attention; and be careful to fulfil all our covenant obligations to God and to each other. What we can do ourselves, we must do, not leaving it to be done by others. All the meetings of the church, especially those for business, must be punctually observed, and regularly attended. The Lord's business should always take the precedence of our own. I greatly fear, that in this respect, we have sadly degenerated, and that the meetings of the church and church discipline are not regarded as so important, as our

fathers considered them. A Congregational church of all others has need to attend to these things; and that all may take a part in them, is one of the excellencies of our polity, tending to produce, when rightly observed, intelligent active members. Not more useless is hoarded wealth than unused ability. If we expect the welcome of good and faithful servants, we must occupy, until the coming of the Lord.

And now, let me tell you, what I have found in preparing this sketch, written among the records of former days. I find there two resolutions, which have never to my knowledge been rescinded. The substance of these resolutions is, That the clerk prepare a list of the male members of the church, and that at every meeting, immediately before adjournment, the list be called, and a mark set against the name of every male member absent. It was also made the duty of the moderator, immediately before calling the list, to call on the members present, who were absent at the previous meeting, to state the reasons of their absence. If in the armies of the nation, there is a roll call, when every man is required to answer, why should there not be in the church? Are we not soldiers of the cross? Are not the vows of God upon us? Have we not sworn allegiance to Him who sitteth upon the throne?

These resolutions were adopted in the days of good father Eddy, when church meetings were held once a month, and the discipline of Christ's house received attention. In those days, not only the brethren attended, but the sisters came, and also the children. Although our members were less then than now, the number in attendance was much greater.

Brethren, these are the words of one who loves you, who loves the church, and who says them because of such love. Shall I have the assurance, that when I cease from my labors, and go to my rest, these things will be had in remembrance? I will fondly hope, that through the good providence of God, and the teachings of the Spirit, this

church will remain steadfast in the faith, continue in brotherly love, and be abundant in every good work, until that day, when the Lord shall come. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

The exercises of the forenoon were closed by singing a Hymn and Prayer by the Rev. Samuel G. Orton.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 2 P. M. the services were resumed at the church, by singing from the choir, which was followed by prayer by the Rev. Mr. Norton, of Canada West.

The Chairman then called on the Rev. Ephraim Taylor, a former pastor of the church, who commenced his labors here, soon after the withdrawal of the Presbyterian brethren, for his reminiscences respecting the church and the formation of Consociation, who addressed the congregation.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.

I appear before you, not to preach a sermon or deliver a homily, but to give you a social talk. I have been requested to give you some reminiscences of this church in days that are past, and an outline of the early history of the Consociation. These matters are so mixed up with my own history, that it is difficult to separate them. It would sound like boasting, to say with Virgil, *quorum magna pars fui*; but it is certainly true, leaving out the *magna*.

If brethren will excuse me, pardon the egotism, and allow me the privilege of other old soldiers, when they shoulder the crutch and fight their battles over, in making myself to some extent the hero of my story, I can spin a yarn of considerable length.

I was graduated at Union College in July 1832, and returned immediately to the place of my nativity in the old Granite State. I had the ministry in view, but being short of means to pursue my studies, in the ordinary way, I was employed in teaching for two years; and at the same time, studied Theology under the direction of Dr.

Whiton, of Antrim, my pastor, and Dr. Aikin, then of Amherst, N. H., now of Rutland, Vermont. In April, 1834, Dr. Whiton took me to the meeting of the Londondery Presbytery, by which body after an examination, I was licensed to preach the gospel. The latter part of May, I left for Cincinnati, with a letter of introduction to Dr. Beecher, intending to spend a year in Lane Seminary, and then labor in the Mississippi valley. I went by the way of Boston, New York and Albany, and by the Erie canal to Buffalo. On the canal I became acquainted with a family who were moving West. We left Buffalo at ten o'clock at night, in the midst of a terrible storm. It was very dark and thundered and lightened, and the lake was all in commotion. The family, I have mentioned, had their goods along, and in order to accompany them and secure a cheap passage, took an old boat. To keep them company, I went on the same boat. About two in the morning, it being very dark, and our boat not properly lighted, we were struck in the side by a heavy boat, coming down the lake. The side so struck was stove in, the machinery disabled, the steam let off, and we left to the mercy of the winds and waves. Such a scene as followed, I hope never to witness again. The boat was heavily laden with families and their goods going West. I had all my effects in a large trunk, to which I held with a firm grasp, intending if I saw the boat going down, to throw the trunk overboard, and cling to it, as a possible means of escape. But a merciful Providence spared us.—The bell of the boat was rung, and there happened to be a small boat within hearing, which came up and took us into Dunkirk at seven in the morning. Being jaded and weary by a sleepless night of danger and fatigue, and finding that I was within thirty miles of Jamestown, I concluded to visit some old acquaintances who lived four miles north of this place, stay a few days, and then try the lake again. I took stage, and came to Oak Hill, found my acquaintances, and staid with them some days. As I was about to leave, my friends said, stay another day, and go and see Jamestown before you go. I was induced to do so, and the friend who went with me being a Presbyterian, took me to Mr. Gillett, and introduced me to him. Brother Gillett, on finding that I was a licentiate of Presbytery, said, "You must not go from here. There is a minister wanted here, and I will introduce you to the trustees of the Congregational church." So he took me to Col. Harvey, and introduced me to him. But on the way, he told me confidentially, that he was expecting to leave in a few weeks, and he wanted me to take his place. He charged

me not to engage for more than one sabbath. I told him, I was not prepared to engage permanently any where, at present.

I had never attempted to preach but two Sabbaths, and being diffident, and among strangers, I was very much frightened when I came into church the next Sabbath.—The present audience and lecture rooms were then one room including the gallery. At one end was a high box, into which I climbed. The Episcopalians had occupied the house, the previous sabbath, and a large block of square timber had been carried into the pulpit for the clergyman to kneel upon, and left there. In my confusion, I got up on that block, and stood there during the service. I must have looked pretty tall, I suppose. I told Col. Harvey at noon, that I should not be such a fool in the afternoon. "Why, what do you mean?" said he. "Did you not see that I was embarrassed?" said I. "I did not observe it?" said he. I replied, "I thought every body in the house knew it."

It is not much wonder, that I was embarrassed under the circumstances, especially as there happened to be a large congregation composed of the principal citizens of the place, judges, lawyers, doctors, bankers and others.

The good sisters of the church, as I learned, had been praying for some time, that God would send them a minister. Some one said to them, "Do you expect God will work a miracle, to send you a minister?" When my arrival and the manner of it were known, they said to their interrogator, "What do you think now?" "May not Providence interpose, whether a miracle is wrought or not?"

Although I had not much intention of remaining, the people held on to me, and I staid until November. Becoming dissatisfied with the new measures which were largely prevalent in this region, and as I learned, farther West, I concluded I had gone far enough; and the Seminary at East Windsor, Conn., having gone into operation, that Summer, I concluded to set my face in that direction.

Previous to my leaving Jamestown, the church received a letter from the Congregational church of Collins in the county of Erie, inviting them to be present by minister and delegate, at a convention proposed to be held at that place, to take into consideration the organization of a Congregational Association. The church requested me to attend, and sent as delegate brother Samuel Knight. I came out from New England with New England notions, and had been accustomed to see the elderly ministers conduct affairs at public gatherings, and the boys take the

back seat. I started for the convention, expecting to see ten or a dozen distinguished old ministers present in black coats and white neckcloths, and to sit back myself and listen diligently. I had no idea of taking an active part in the proceedings, myself. Well, we arrived at the place of meeting, and found delegates from five teeble Congregational churches, but the only person present who had any appearance of a minister, was myself. We sat down and looked very timidly at each other. No one seemed to know what to do, or how to do it. I soon saw that I had got to take the laboring oar, so I moved for an organization. On my way, I had staid over night with Mr. Holt, a delegate from the church at Sheridan. He says that I came and whispered to him, and he nominated me for chairman of the convention. I do not remember that part, but presume it was so, for like others, I suppose I am fond of office. In comparing notes, it was found that the convention was in favor of organizing an Association, and cutting loose from Presbytery. I put things in as good shape as I could, had a committee appointed to take the matters in charge, and see that ministers were present at an adjourned meeting which was appointed, for the next Spring, at Sheridan. I soon after left for New England, not expecting to return to this section.

The next Spring, the adjourned meeting of convention was held at Sheridan. The same churches, viz: the churches of Jamestown, Busti Sheridan, Collins and Evans met by delegates, and formed a union under the name and style of the Association of Western New York and Parts adjacent. There were some churches in Western Pennsylvania which it was thought would unite with the body, hence the addition to the name of *Parts adjacent*.

After spending a year at the Seminary at East Windsor, during which period, I preached nearly every Sabbath, I received an invitation to come back to Jamestown, and returned in September, 1835. Soon after my return, I attended a meeting of the Association held at Collins, and was the first minister who united with the body. Three others joined at the same meeting, viz: Rev. Jabez Spicer, who had supplied this church a part of the time during my absence, Rev. Ebenezer Raymond, supplying at Collins, and Rev. Asher Bliss, missionary to the Indians. At that meeting we ordained Mr. Joseph S. Emery, a licentiate of one of the Connecticut Associations, who was then supplying the churches of Ashville and Kiantone. I preached the sermon, Mr. Spicer gave the charge, and Mr. Bliss the right hand of fellowship. Mr. Zenas Bliss, associate principal of the Fredonia Academy, and a licentiate

of Buffalo Presbytery, was to have been ordained at that meeting, but arrived too late, and was ordained a few weeks later at Sheridan. The Winter following, I was installed over this church, sermon by the Rev. D. D. Gregory, of Westfield. The next Spring the Rev. Dr. Eddy united with the Association.

In 1837, in consequence of business engagements, I resigned the charge of this church and returned to New England, where I spent four years, one in Connecticut and three in Massachusetts. I was then sent back as a general missionary, to labor among the destitute churches in this Association. I was nominated for the appointment and sustained by the Missionary Society of Connecticut, though appointed by the American Home Missionary Society. The summer previous to my return, I spent at New Haven and boarded with the theological students, with a number of whom, I became partially acquainted, and among others, with Mr. Owen Street. I came on to Jamestown, preached on the sabbath, and a funeral sermon on Monday. The next day I started for Collins. I took the boat to Mayville, and on going into one of the hotels, who should I meet but Mr. Street, on his way to Jamestown. I had never told him that I had been in this section, nor did I know of his coming west. A mutual explanation took place, and we became as two brothers for the next four years. I labored six years as a general missionary. When I came on to the ground, I found nineteen destitute churches. When I left the mission, there were only two of these small churches unsupplied. It was my policy, as soon as I could get a church in a condition to support a minister, the whole or a part of the time, to procure a minister and get it off my hands.

When I came back, the second time, I thought it desirable to have a ministerial association for mutual improvement, and as the body we then had, was more properly a consociation, we raised a committee of which I was chairman, to draft a new constitution for the body we already had. The new constitution was adopted, in which we changed the name, making it, The Consociation of Western New York. The greater part of that constitution was drawn by me. The constitution of the ministerial association was wholly drawn by me, and adopted without alteration. That body continued about twelve years, but has since been numbered among the things that were.

In 1854, I was called in the Providence of God, to labor in Presbyterian churches, and accordingly left Consociation and united with Presbytery. Five years ago, I returned again to consociation, being the third time I have been a

member of the body. There are now connected with it, I believe, about twenty ministers and nearly thirty churches. I regret, exceedingly, that Brother Street is not present. We had a great many adventures together, that it would be pleasant to reveal.

But I have occupied my share of the time, and will give place to those who are to follow.

A letter from the Rev. Sylvanus P. Marvin, who was several years pastor of the church was then read by E. A. Dickinson, Esq., as follows :

WOODBIDGE, CONN., June 11th, 1866.

To the Pastor and First Congregational Church, Jamestown, N. Y.

REVEREND AND BELOVED:—It has been a cherished purpose of mine to be present at the Semi Centennial celebration of your organization as a church, circumstances however, forbid my meeting with you. I need not say that the disappointment is great to my companions as well as myself, and even to my little boy, who had fondly anticipated a visit to the place of his nativity. To me, who commenced my life work in the ministry with you, and to her who entered so faithfully and prayerfully into all the labors, joyous and sorrowful, incidental to the pastoral life this a severe disappointment.

Though we have long been separated from you, and God has led us in ways which we knew not of—yet in ways of undeserved goodness and infinite love. Still we have never forgotten to speak of you, nor to pray for your prosperity, and the success of your pastor in his efforts for the promotion of Christ's kingdom in your midst

Not unlike the feelings which a bereaved companion feels as he calls to mind the loved image of her whom God has taken from his bosom, or of the loving child as it dwells upon the image of the departed parent, have been our feelings as we have spoken of you from time to time. To have once more met you, and talked of God's goodness to us, to have communed together, of the hopes and fears, of the joys and sorrows, and of the success and disappointments which our Heavenly Father's discipline has allotted to us, would have given to us an experience of the land of Beulah, and of Bunyan's Christian and Hopeful upon the Delectable Mountains. Though necessarily absence from you we shall think of you on the day of your festivities.

It would have afforded us pleasure to have met the association at its session in connection with you. Those early associates in the ministry have something of a feel-

ing of a first love with me; for though I have been connected with other ecclesiastical bodies since, yet the friendships of those early years in my ministry, are never to be forgotten, they are the preserved flowers which never lose their freshness and never part with their fragrance in my memory. Some of the Fathers have gone to their rest.—Coleman, scholarly and exact in his statements, orthodox to the very letter, scenting a heresy afar off, and hunting it down with christian meekness, yet with a Cromwellian firmness. Spencer, whose soul seemed always on fire as with a coal from off the altar, and whose loving ministrations and earnest appeals seemed to come as from the burning throne itself—these have entered into their rest.

Reynolds, who had more in him than his modesty was disposed to exhibit, but who has stepped into one of the largest congregations in Connecticut, and commands the respect and affection of his people.

Burgess who was all of us and with us but his name, and Taylor and Chapman and Gale and others of whom I need not speak, for they being yet present with you, still speak for themselves, winning your affections, moulding your institutions and lifting society to a higher plane of social and moral excellence, all these have a place in my memory and are cherished in my affections.

While I was with you the status of Congregationalists out of New England to those of New England, and our brethren of the New School Presbyterian Church changed. The time was when our New School brethren looked with suspicion upon us and New England joined largely in the suspicion. But the denomination has outlived the insinuations of its enemies and the suspicions of its friends.—The East and the West met in the Albany Convention and extended to each other the hands of christian fellowship and fraternal regard. Our New School brethren at length learned that all the land west of Byram river was not the exclusive pasturage of their flocks, nor was all the orthodoxy with them, nor all the heresy with us, as a denomination, while we have learned to be less jealous and more frank in our intercourse with them.

It is matter of devout gratitude to God that in both denominations, disintegrations and separations that have taken place have brought the two denominations into a closer sympathy and harmony with each other. Both have learned that there is such a thing as loving its own while at the same time it has a sincere spirit of charity and christian fellowship for others.

Congregationalism has now become a power out of New England as well as in it. Among the causes which have

produced its rapid growth and power out of New England may be noticed the confidence established between Congregationalists themselves.

The first meeting of the Consociation of Western New York which I attended, was one of earnest debate, the last, was one of melting tenderness and love. The same elements were in the last as the first, but we had learned to love each other in Christ in place of studying to make each other to pronounce our peculiar shibboleths of doctrine. The truth was the Congregational churches out of New England were similarly situated to those in, and to our New School Presbyterian brethren. There were differences of doctrine, and different modes of explaining the doctrines but union on the cardinal doctrines of grace the necessity of regeneration, and salvation through faith in the atonement. We were accused of Oberlerlism, when the fact was those holding to the peculiarities of Oberlin were found in New England and in the Presbyterian church as well as among us.

The charge of looseness in doctrine however seemed to be aimed against the Congregationalists out of New England alone. There was consequently a pressure from without, as well as in some instances an honest zeal in a supposed contending for the faith once delivered to the saints within, which caused divisions and dissensions. When however the fact became evident that Congregationalists were just as orthodox as their Presbyterian neighbors when it was found that a ride of a few hundred miles on a rail road, or in a lake steamer did not necessarily change or poison with heresy a man's theology, but that a man was just as orthodox in Jamestown as in New Haven, or in Sherman as at Andover, or in Detroit or Chicago as in Providence or Boston, that Dr. Kitchel could be just as orthodox at Detroit as at Plymouth, Conn., the pressure ceased, in part at least, and internal dissensions were dropped. We met as followers and fellow laborers with the Great Master; were baptised into His spirit and wept and prayed and rejoiced together in our meetings of Consociation, and these meetings became semi-annual feasts of love and christian fellowship.

In this restoration of mutual sympathy and fellowship we have one element of the rapid growth of Congregationalism as a power out of New England.

Another element of the power of our denomination has been the inherent nature of its spirit. This has commended itself to the lay element in the churches and won their admiration and affection. It was so suited to the wants and development of their christian natures that they have

clung to it. Its freedom, giving the liberty of a free unrestrained christian activity, its restraining elements conserving all that was essential to order and harmony, and its economy of administration, like charity, hiding the multitude of sins from the world, and securing redress of injuries by private ends and so hedging in the elements of discord as that they could never have an extended influence, made its spirit so much like the teachings of Christ himself, and so suited to our wants as individuals and as members of organized society that the lay element in the churches have loved it and clung to it.

They have felt that the development of their christian characters was wrought out with a true beauty and symmetry under its fostering care. They have recognized its spirit as largely the fruit of the Gospel and the Spirit of Christ. They have loved the church through Christ, they have loved it as the mystical body of Christ—as the Bride, the Lamb's wife, and so loving it, their love of the church has become inseparably connected with their love of Christ.

They have known no denominational spirit and had no sectarian aim. With a Catholicity recognizing all churches founded on the doctrines of our holy religion, and rejoicing in their prosperity, they have allowed every one to follow the inclination of his own choice, while they claimed with strongest tenacity the same privilege for themselves, hence it is they have clung to the polity of their church with firmness and constancy—they have loved their denomination with a love unconquerable and incorruptible. Could a correct history of the Congregational churches of Western New York be written, it would be seen that one of its brightest pages was that recording the devotion, the self-sacrifice and firmness of the laity. Their fortitude in withstanding attacks from without, their patience in the maintenance of hope within, and their affection for the order and services of their own denomination, have been worthy of the principles to which they have adhered. And I should be much surprised if a brighter example of devotion to principle and love of our order could be found than the history of the First Church of Jamestown presents. As churches have arisen from time to time since the early settlement of the country, they have looked to it for counsel and sympathy, and rare have been the instances when her counsels have not been given in wisdom not her sympathies, been heartily bestowed. Few churches have had a more truly metropolitan position than hers, or have been able to exert a more healthful influence on the churches of our denomination.

The true spirit of our denomination is liberal, it rejoices in the growth of every denomination that holds the faith once delivered to the saints. It looks with deepest interest upon every form of progress the Kingdom of Christ makes. It is not however unmindful of the signal success God has granted to her, nor is she ungrateful for it. It is therefore with peculiar feelings of thanksgiving and gratitude to God that to-day you look upon the present condition of the denomination in the land. She stands a sublime moral power which God is using for the accomplishment of his plans. On the prairies of the Great West, amid the Rocky Mountains, on the shores of the setting sun, and amid the regenerated cities and villages of the South, she is carrying forward her mission, and winning to Christ the trophies of redeeming love.

The longer I live the more I see in the polity of our denomination to admire and the more my affections cling to her simple spiritual and scriptural life.

Born in her bosom, nurtured by her care and spent in her service, I rejoice in her prosperity. And while I most cordially and affectionately welcome and fellowship, those of other branches of the household of faith I can say in heart and in spirit. "How lovely is our Zion we will call her walls salvation and her gates praise."

Affectionately yours,

S. P. MARVIN.

The Chairman then introduced the Rev. Dr. Zachariah Eddy, of Northampton, Mass., son of the Rev. Isaac Eddy, a former pastor, and who was himself for some time a member of the church, who then addressed the congregation.

I almost regret that I cannot enter into the hilarity of my respected friend who has just taken his seat, but, though this is a festive occasion, my heart is full of sorrow and tears. While I thank God that I am permitted to be present with you to-day, and partake of your joy, that joy, in my own heart is tinged with tender and pensive—I had almost said sorrowful memories. Buried years arise to-day. I am carried back to my boyhood. Well do I remember my first entry, when a child of some nine or ten years, into this village. With what wondering awe did I look up into the lofty pines which then encompassed and overshadowed the infant settlement. How vivid are my recollections of the long, long summer days that followed—of teachers, playmates, scenes, connected with the old

Pine St. School House—of wanderings over these hills, along the banks of yonder lovely stream, and in that mysterious Tamarack Swamp, now, I believe, a swamp no longer. I remember as though it were but yesterday, the Sabbath Convocation in the old Academy, the music, which if not artistic was hearty and animated—alas: for Mear, Coronation, Bridgewater, Northfield, Exhortation and Lenox!—the sermons, the very faces and forms of the worshippers, so many of whom have long since passed away.

Is it strange that my heart should swell to-day with unwonted emotions. Why, you, sir, (addressing Hon. A. Hazeltine, who sat on the platform) were my honored father's bosom friend and trusted counsellor, you were my Sabbath School Superintendent. The words which I heard from your lips, in my boyhood, are still indelibly impressed on my heart. You have probably forgotten—though I can never forget that stormy night, so many years ago, when, three lads, myself the youngest, sat around you in church, while you expounded to them the third chapter of John's gospel. We were the only attendants at the weekly prayer meeting—a meeting to be remembered. I listened with tearful interest to your sketch of my beloved father's life and ministry. I am fully satisfied with the tribute which you have so kindly paid to his memory.—His name has now become a faint echo in the place he loved so well. Some there are who still remember his beaming smile, his musical voice, and his winning and ingenious though homely expositions of Divine truth, but I see a generation around me who knew him not. It will not, I hope, be deemed unbecoming for a son, after so many years, to say a few words to restore and perpetuate the fading memory of one who in his day was a blessing to this town.

You said, sir, this morning that my father was destitute of imagination. In the common acceptation of that word the remark was quite true, for his style as a writer and speaker was unadorned and sometimes inelegant. He had no literary culture, and never thought of rhetoric.—But as a *man* he was “of imagination all compact.” This, if it ought not rather to be called faith—modified his whole christian experience, and was an element of great power in his preaching. I often heard the story of his conversion from his own lips, and as that story throws a strong light on his career as a minister of the gospel, I will venture to repeat it here and now,

It was mid-winter. The snow lay deep on the Green Mountains. During many weeks, my father, then a young

man, had been heavily laden with the burden of sin and wrath. The law had done its work in his conscience, but as yet there was no glimpse of the cross. On a certain morning he waded through the deep snow into the neighboring forest, where kneeling down under a leafless tree, he cried aloud for mercy. He acknowledged his guilt, and adored the justice which condemned him to eternal death. But no light broke in on his dark mind. Conscious of a strange hardness of heart he returned to the house and threw himself in despair on the floor. Closing his eyes he was immediately rapt away, whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell, to a higher sphere. He saw a cloud in the blue expanse, and on the cloud a great white throne, and sitting on the throne, the Son of man. A great book lay open before the Judge, and my father had power to read what was written in the book. To his dismay and anguish he read the catalogue of his own sins. He pleaded guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of his Judge whose eyes were severely yet pityingly fixed upon him. Then the Saviour, a Judge no longer, dipped a pen in blood, and cancelled the black list of transgressions. Thus in "the visions of God," there was given to him an assurance of pardon, and he was conscious that old things were passed away, and all things become new.

This experience was the key-note of his christian life and ministry. Some of you remember how rapturously he sometimes discoursed of Christ, as the Chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. Those who were led to Christ under his ministry, in many cases, manifested a type of christian experience closely resembling his. I account it no small blessing that he was my own guide and teacher when I was awakened to a sense of my lost condition. Greatly, calmly, wisely, did he open to my view—I was then a lad of fifteen—the desert of sin, according to the Holy laws of God, and the way of salvation through the sacrifice and mediation of Christ, my surety and substitute. When at length I was enabled to believe, it was no dead or distant Saviour who was revealed to my soul, but One alive forevermore. One fairer than the Son, of men. One matchless in the might and mercy of love.

The christians with whom I walked when a young convert were a peculiar generation. Oh, what communion we had! Some of them—some of the best and saintliest, have gone to their rest. Among them was one whose prayers were epochs in the spiritual history of this church. Deacon Loring Sherman. How well I remember the thrilling tones of his voice, his seraphic fervor in supplica-

tion! What walks and talks we had on our way to the house of prayer and on our return. I was a lad and he a man in middle life, but we felt no disparity of age.

It was a memorable day when I stood up alone in the broad aisle of this church, to confess Christ, and enter into covenant with his people. It was not long after this church was dedicated. My father, not daring to trust himself, had arranged an exchange with Father Wilcox, who received me into the church, with kind words of advice and exhortation. Can you wonder that this anniversary touches the deepest springs of emotion in my heart. Father Wilcox is gone. My honored father went home long before. Well, do I remember the glory on that dying face.

Returning after so many years to give an account of my life and my work in the ministry, I am overwhelmed with shame and sorrow. Fathers and brethren, I could say much of God's unmerited favor toward me; but of my own achievements, I can say nothing. Something I ought to have done for Christ. I am only conscious, here and now, of deplorable mistakes and failures.

In conclusion, I must again express my joy in being permitted to join in these festivities, and my love to this now venerable church of Christ. I pray God to perpetuate in the children, and the children's children, the spirit of the fathers.

I am constrained to give my right hand to you, brother—the beloved pastor of this church; and to pledge my sacred promise, that I will struggle, by the help of Divine grace to meet you and your flock, and the dear saints who sleep up yonder, where there shall be neither parting nor tears.

The next speaker was the Rev. H. M. Hazeltine, one of the sons of the church, who spoke respecting the training of the young, as follows:

I fear, my brother, lest any remarks of mine would rudely trample down the tender feelings that have been awakened in the hearts of all this assembly by the reminiscences of my elder brother, the oldest son of this church in this vicinity. His words and deep feelings have touched my heart, so that I can hardly find utterance; and yet these memories, though they so stir the tender feelings of my heart, are not sad, but sweet and delightful.

I am glad to be with you to-day. I have learned here, from the rich reminiscences of my elder brother, and from the historical sketch read this morning, more than I ever knew before of the value of my inheritance as a son of this church. I count it a rich inheritance of godliness, of

faith and prayerfulness. I can trace now to their sources, many of those streams of blessing and of holy influence, which, through this church, blessed my early years. I can recall myself some of those blessed influences, which helped to mould my life and heart, though my memory does not reach back to most of those persons and scenes and incidents, that have been brought to remembrance.— I remember, however, those wondrously earnest and wrestling prayers of Deacon Sherman, that have already been spoken of, and which often awed my childish heart. More distinctly do I recall the tremulous voice of Deacon Garfield, which I always loved to hear at the Conference meetings, in prayer, and, more especially, in instructive and richly spiritual remarks. Memory brings up vividly before me the Sabbath School as it used to be; and I was a member of the Sabbath School almost as far back as I can remember. The School used to meet in the galleries before the house was changed to its present form. I remember the weekly prayer-meetings, and the monthly maternal meetings, with the quarterly meetings, to which we children went with our mothers, and recited lessons from the Scriptures and the catechism, and our pastor came in and addressed us. I recall, too, Sabbath-noon prayer meetings, when, during the intermission, the older church members went up into the old Conference room and prayed, while the Sabbath School met; and sometimes, after the Sabbath School was over, I went in and listened to the fervent prayers. How long and how regularly those noon prayer meetings were continued I cannot remember. Judging from my own memories, and from those of the speaker before me, it does seem as if prayer abounded in those early days more than now.

Allusion was made in the introductory discourse this morning to our beneficent work of a christian church in the training of children in christian homes, and under the influences of the Sanctuary. As I have enjoyed, in perhaps their fullest extent, such home and Sanctuary training, suffer me, though in the presence of my honored father, to refer to some points of that parental training, which I regard worthy of more general imitation. I shall speak only of points connected with the church and Sanctuary.

I was brought up always to attend church on the Sabbath with my parents. I very well understood that, as regularly as Sabbath came, I was to go church, if circumstances did not prevent. I never thought of staying at home. I never thought either of going to any other place of worship than where my parents went. It was from no illiberal spirit that my parents required me to go with

them. But they regarded it as their duty, and rightly I believe, when there was service at their own place of worship, to be there themselves and to have their children with them.

I was brought up to sit at church with my parents. I never was allowed to sit in the gallery as some children did, and as I often wished to do. But it would have been of no use to ask leave to sit up there. I well knew that, as the oldest son at home, my place was by my father's side, in his own pew.

I was brought up to attend also the regular prayer meetings, and the church meetings. Even from childhood I went to all such meetings with my parents, or with other members of the family, when nothing prevented. Often I was the only representative of the family at the Thursday evening prayer meeting, when the others were hindered from going. But though no one else could go I was sent, even when so young that most would have thought it of little use for me to go.

Many may think that such regulations as these were too rigid. I do not believe now that they were. I am thankful now for all these influences of a christian home and Sanctuary. To be brought up in these is a very different thing from being left to resort to the streets and the beer shops and billiard saloons. In the former are felt the life-giving breathings of the Spirit; in the latter haunts of so many youth, the very atmosphere is pestilential with moral miasma.

It was remarked by your pastor a little while ago that this day was a dividing point between the past and the future, and that on this occasion memories of the past predominated above visions of the future. I am younger than the others who have spoken to you, and perhaps on that account, while I love to look back on the past, I cannot help turning in my thoughts to the future. I have lived half the years allotted to man, some of which should have been years of faithful work. But as I look back on them I am startled and ashamed to see how little I have done in view of all that I enjoyed in my early years. So I turn with hope to the future, and desire to fill it up with usefulness. I would receive to-day an impulse from the past that shall make me more diligent and earnest henceforth. May the faith and prayers of this church that have gone before, and that yet shall follow after, continue to pour their blessing upon me that I may be enabled to accomplish a work worthy of my heritage.

My deep desire for this church, and especially for its younger members, the sons and daughters of the church,

is that, as you are about to make a great advance in your outward condition, so you may make an even greater advance in the things of the Spirit. From what you have heard to-day, may you gather lessons and an impulse that shall urge you on to even greater attainments than the fathers made; and that shall lead you to make the influence of this church more wide and commanding on all this community. I bid you God-speed for the future.

The Chairman then introduced the Rev. W. W. Norton, of Otto, who as the representative of the Consociation, addressed the assembly as follows :

It is with reluctance that I have consented (in response to the request but just made) to say a few words in behalf of my brethren in the ministry and the churches of the Consociation of Western New York, upon this occasion.— I have been invited to do this, perhaps because I am the oldest acting pastor among them (except the pastor of this church) though in years of service one of the youngest of the ministry.

As their representative, then, I desire to assure you that we greatly rejoice in all the prosperity with which God has crowned your first half century from the first day until now. The strongest church connected with our body in numbers and consecrated intellect and wealth, we have been accustomed to look to you to lead us in all our enterprises of christian labor and benevolence and to your pastors and some of your membership for wisdom and counsel to guide us in all our difficulties. We have ever rejoiced and do now rejoice in your spiritual prosperity, in that the preaching of the Gospel of Christ has been made among you the power of God for salvation in those precious revivals of religion which have been enjoyed by you; for your prosperity and increase has been our prosperity and increase, your spiritual children which have been born to you here, are our children, these sons of yours which you have sent forth to be ministers of the Lord are our sons, your sainted dead are ours, yea, all that ye have is ours.

But as an individual I find that I have a personal interest in this church, that I have a joint inheritance with you in *him* who was its founder.

Some of the reminiscences of to-day have carried my mind back to the days of my childhood, and revived the sacred memories of my early home, for the name of the founder of this church, was a name especially beloved and venerated in my father's family.

My parents removed from New England into the neighboring county of Cattaraugus, fifty-eight years ago, about two years only after the first stroke was struck in that then wilderness.

My mother was a devoted christian before she left the home of her childhood and from her (as she lay on what we then supposed to be her death bed, some three years ago) I learned some particulars of Father Spencer's first visit to our family. It was in 1812 or '13 that he found his way on horseback one afternoon to the new settlement where my parents at that time resided, then in the town of Olean, now in the town of Franklinville. Calling before the house of one of the principal settlers, he stated his business, and requested the privilege of stopping with them for the night, and of having preaching for the benefit of those of the settlers who could be gathered together in the evening. Without asking him to dismount or offering him any of the rites of hospitality, the lady of the house told him that if he would go on two or three miles in a certain direction he would find a Mrs. Norton, who would be glad to see him, and so he came directly from there to our house, and my mother welcomed, most joyfully welcomed the first missionary sent out to the Holland Purchase by the Missionary Society of her native state.

My father happened to be absent and was not expected to return home until the next day, but the neighbors were notified and a meeting held and Father Spencer preached at our house the first night of his arrival.

My father, ere he reached home, heard of the arrival and preaching of the missionary, and I have heard him say that conviction fastened upon him with that announcement and it was under the preaching of Father Spencer during that first visit, the services being held in his own log cabin which was thrown open for evening meetings, that my father was converted, and salvation came also to members of other households. But my mother said that the family which turned away from their door this missionary of the Cross, were not there, (or afterwards as far as she knew) any of them savingly reached by the Gospel.

I have no personal recollection of Father Spencer, but I early learned to love him. I have ever cherished his memory and hope to meet him Heaven, for it was *he* (as I am informed) who laid his hands upon my head in blessing, as my parents (who have but recently and almost hand in hand entered into their eternal rest) publicly dedicated me to God in my early infancy in the ordinance of baptism.

The Chairman next introduced the Rev. C. Burgess, of Panama, with the request that as a representative of Presbytery, he would address the assembly in a few words.

“*Few words*” shall they be, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. I came here to enjoy as a passive listener, this high religious festival, and certainly had not the remotest idea of being called upon to contribute an item to it. Nor do I now see why I should take any part in these exercises, unless it be that I labored, for some years, on one of those forlorn hopes, a small and feeble Congregational church, trying, though with far less effect than I could wish, to nurse it into life.

Allusion has been made by your excellent Chairman, to the difficulty which occurred between Paul and Barnabas, finding in this scriptural incident ground for hope, that peace and love may follow sharp words in these more modern times. Now you will all admit, I suppose, that Paul was a Presbyterian, and as for Barnabas he may have been a Congregationalist, for aught we know. (The Chairman here remarked, We make no such admission.) It is clear at any rate that, in this little ancient dispute, Paul had the *better* of it, and as we hear of no subsequent difficulty, we may rightly seize upon this fact as a happy type of that union and brotherly affection, which should, and which, we trust, will prevail between, not only these two sister churches, but all evangelical denominations.

Possibly there is another fact which makes it somewhat fitting that I should be called upon to take some part in these exercises, viz., that I am now engaged in ministerial labors in both denominations, preaching to a Presbyterian church in the morning, and to a Congregational church in the afternoon of the same day. There is, at all events, this peculiar felicity in my position—that it tends to maintain in nice equipoise, my denominational preferences. If at any time, I am in danger of becoming a little too stiff a Presbyterian, while toiling in one of my fields, I have only to go over and work awhile in my other parish to become quite a Congregationalist, and so I am able to preserve a happy equilibrium. I can even fancy as I cross the line which divides my fields of labor, I can see just where Presbyterianism shades off into Congregationalism, and where Congregationalism beautifully harmonizes with Presbyterianism, so that I shall have all the fault to charge upon myself, if I do not get nearer right than either an extreme Presbyterian or an extreme Congregationalist. At all events we bring you, our Congregational friends, on this joyous occasion the friendly salutations of Presbytery.—

We assure you of our sincere good will and our best wishes for your prosperity. If there have been jealousies and sharp words at any time between our churches, let them belong to the past and be buried with it. We trust that we have outgrown them, and that they shall never more characterize our intercourse. There seems to be a spirit of increasing christian unity in the atmosphere of these days. The two branches of our church are giving signs of reunion. The same tendency is to be seen also in other evangelical churches, and even across the waters, there is evident a desire, among the fragments of Christ's body, to come together. Indeed, my friends, there is only *one name* that is fit to be named to-day, when rejoicing over the history and success of a church of Christ. It is not Presbyterian. It is not Congregationalist, Baptist or Methodist. It is the name of the Common Master, even our Lord Jesus Christ. Like different regiments in the same army, we have *one* cause to serve, *one* enemy to overcome, and we should and do rejoice in each other's success.

There is much in this occasion to awaken the sublime. We celebrate to-day the doings of this church for fifty years. Fifty years! with what changes have they been freighted! Where are the statesmen, the orators, the artisans, the farmers, the physicians, the clergymen of fifty years ago? Who can look forward and see or forecast the progress of fifty years to come? We rejoice over your success for the half-century gone. We hope, for you still greater things in that upon which you are entering. Let me tell you that there is one way in which you can insure the growth of this church and make the successes of the fifty years to come greatly eclipse those of the fifty years past.

You have only to cultivate that power in prayer which the various reminiscences recited this day have set before us as characterizing some of its former members. You have only to reverence God's Sanctuary and keep His Sabbaths "according to the commandments." You have only to train up the children of this church in the manner described by him who hast but just addressed you, and who does such honor to the church which sent him forth to the work of the ministry. You have only to make it your inflexible rule that, unless sick or hindered by unavoidable providences, your children shall be with you in the house of God on the Sabbath, and also in its meetings for prayer, instead of getting their education striped and colored with the influences of the street and the saloon.— You have only to do these things, and you will surely be blessed in the steady and beautiful growth of this church.

And when another half century shall have rolled away, when, on this day, in the year 1916, some other Judge of capacious memory, or other fit person, shall act as historian, and recount the deeds and changes through which this church shall then have passed, he shall be able we trust, to point the listening multitudes on that occasion, to even richer displays of the Divine Goodness, to still larger successes and loftier achievements.

Next after the speech of Rev. Mr. Burgess, the Chairman called on the Rev. N. Norton, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who made some appropriate remarks, which the committee have not been able to obtain.

A Hazeltine, Esq., was then requested to address the meeting, and spoke as follows :

Mr. Chairman—

After occupying so much of the time of this meeting as I have already, I little expected to be called on for any further remarks. Still, I am willing to do whatever may be thought incumbent on me on an occasion like this, to me certainly deeply interesting. This church has always been very dear to me. I participated in its organization, and have been conversant with its affairs from that day to this.

The little that I shall add will be principally in relation to some of the early church officers. Mention has already been so fully made of Deacons Garfield and Sherman, that I shall say but little of them, except to add my hearty concurrence in all that those who have preceded me have spoken. The estimate of their piety and influence is just, and knowing them as I did, during their entire connection with the church, and long previous, I feel that I have a right to add my testimony in confirmation of what has been said.

Of Deacon Dix, or Captain Dix, as I used to hear him called, very little is known by those who hear me. He passed away many years ago, and of the present members of the church, only myself and one other ever knew him. He settled in my native town in Vermont, immediately after the revolutionary war, and was for many years a carpenter. Having served his country in the struggle for independence, he was soon made captain of the militia. As he advanced in years, he became the possessor of a mill, and many times in my boyhood, have I been sent to his mill. He was always cheerful, and particularly attentive and pleasant to the boys who resorted there. They all

loved Captain Dix, and took kindly any admonitions that came from him. I have seldom known a man who could press home an unwelcome truth in a more acceptable manner. He had the rare faculty of introducing serious subjects to the most careless and indifferent, without giving offence, and in a manner calculated to make a lasting impression. He was so artless, so kind, and at the same time so earnest, that all listened to his words and felt their force.

When quite an old man, he followed his eldest son to this place. When I came, a little afterwards, I found him at his post in the grist mill, and also at his post as a christian.

It is proper also, that something should be said of good Deacon Deland. He was in many respects a different man from Deacon Dix. He was much more reserved and grave in his intercourse with men. Very decided in his opinions and strict in his life he was thought by many, who only partially knew him, to be rigid and austere. But although scrupulous in regard to his own conduct, he was far from being uncharitable and censorious. No man was more punctual than he in his attendance upon all the meetings of the church, so long as he was able to be present. Whoever else might be absent, we always expected Deacon Deland to be present, and to be ready to bear his part. Still, he was far from being forward or assuming.—Perhaps his highest praise was his faithfulness to his children, all of whom regarded him with veneration, and became professors of religion. His example in that respect, is truly worthy of imitation; and well would it be for the church, well for this generation and well for those who are to come after us, if it was more frequently followed.

But I must not enlarge, the time for closing these festivities is approaching. I am glad to have had this opportunity, to bear testimony to the worth of these departed friends.

The meeting was then dismissed, the Chairman pronouncing the Benediction. After which the congregation and invited guests repaired to the residence of the Pastor and partook of a collation prepared for the occasion.

The following letters were received too late to be read at the meeting, but are inserted as appropriately forming a portion of the exercises.

After stating the imperative demands upon his time, preventing his presence here on the occasion, Mr. Street says :

It would be delightful to me to indulge in the reminiscences that occur in the line you had marked out for me. Such men as you have named, Deacons Sherman and Garfield, and I may add Deacon Deland, could have been the product only of such times and influences as they knew in their early manhood. Their virtues and their failings had the flavor of pioneer life. Strong individuality, intense convictions, and great strength of will, with the exception under the last item of Deacon Sherman, appeared in whatever they undertook. Deacon Sherman was a saintly man, a very miracle of prayer. His affluence of language and his inimitable unction and pathos were a marvel to all.— I was always reminded, when I heard him pray, of that Scripture, Acts 4:31 “And when they had prayed the place was shaken, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.” There was this difference, that the place seemed to be shaken *while* he prayed, and every one felt that he was filled with the Holy Ghost. And yet, good man as he was, all full of faith and love, and potent above all others to pour on oil if the waters ever became troubled, he fell about six months before his death under a dark cloud of doubt as to his acceptance with God. Sabbath after Sabbath he would linger after the P. M. service and say, “Mr. Street, I am in the dark; I am afraid to die.” Nothing that I could say seemed to lift off the cloud. It continued until within about six weeks of his death.— Those six weeks he passed in Bunyan’s land of Beulah.— He seemed an angel waiting for his wings. But the previous months of darkness were a mystery to his friends.—

A neighbor of his over the line in Kiantone, (known familiarly as Uncle Ben. Jones) a man of strongly marked characteristics and of unwavering principle, asked me at the funeral of Deacon Sherman, “did the Deacon tell you about that dark streak that he had a few weeks ago?” I replied that he did, “That was awful,” said he, “I was scared. I thought if so good a man as Deacon Sherman got into the dark like that, I didn’t know what would become of the rest of us.” Dear good man, his prayers will prove an untold blessing to the Church for more than one generation.

Deacon Garfield was a man of more native strength and of a larger range of intelligence. His speciality in the Church, was as a man mighty in the Scriptures, and endowed with a peculiar native eloquence. When in his best veins of feeling, he swept the assembly along as only a superior class of minds are able to do. It was a spiritual luxury to listen to him then. He was a man who had thought much and compactly on religious subjects. His doctrinal views were well matured, and he knew how to illustrate them. No one detected any unsoundness in the preaching to which he listened more readily than he. I remember an incident that illustrates the readiness with which he was able to state the exception which he took to a sentiment with which he could not agree. He once misunderstood a hint which I dropped in some extemporaneous remarks in an evening meeting, and stopped to ask me if he understood me right. Said he, "I understood you to deny that the grace of God is supernatural." I immediately set him right as to my meaning, and then he went on to say, "I have always held that the grace of God is supernatural, because it is something that is not in nature, and not produced by nature, but is above nature."—Of course I thought as he did. His power of putting the truth of God was often felt outside of the prayer meeting. He was once standing in his son's shop, when a noisy talker was declaiming against the *hell* of the bible. The Deacon modestly interrupted him and asked him if he "believed that it would be wrong for God to make such a place as he conceived hell to be, provided he put no one in it?" He replied that he did not know that there would be anything wrong in that. "Then," replied the Deacon, "suppose He should go a step further and say, 'here are two paths and the one you are walking in leads directly to that place, take care that you do not put *yourself* in.'"—This was said with all the fire and energy of his nature, and I was told that the man to whom he addressed it quailed and trembled like an aspen leaf. I have heard him say that in the early days of his membership in the Church, he used to walk over from his house, beyond Pier's corners in Busti, to attend the evening meetings, and used to find his way back through the woods, sometimes by taking off his shoes and feeling out the foot-path with his feet, which experience enabled him thus to keep very easily and sometimes by feeling for the marked trees with his hands. We could easily pardon some faults in a man who had such a history as the memory of many now living must attribute to Deacon Garfield, and all will agree that he was no milk and water man. I could easily swell

these reminiscences of him to a volume; but there would be some among them that would go to show his strength as a man rather than as a Christian, a distinction in which he more than once made in his own account of himself.—It was his nature to move with great momentum, and if he happened to be moving wrong, it was a terrible jar of a discordant organ pipe. He belonged to the church militant, but he was sometimes found to be militant on his own hook. He referred to this the last time I saw him. He regretted that he had ever been belligerent, except in contending with the devil. As I think of him I find these words of inspiration continually coming to mind: "There were giants in the earth in those days."

I took my pen in the midst of my preparation for the pulpit to-morrow, and only thought of acknowledging your kind letter, but the moment I struck the above themes I found that I could not refrain myself till I had given expression to a few of the recollections that crowd in upon me.

Wishing you and the church all prosperity, I am yours,
very truly,
O. STREET.

NORTHAMPTON, June 11, 1866.

Rev. Mr. Rouse, Jamestown, N. Y.

DEAR BROTHER.—Your favor, inviting me to participate in the half century anniversary celebration of the Jamestown Congregational Church, came to hand a long time ago. It ought then to have been acknowledged, but hoping that I might be able soon to say I would be present, I postponed, and from time to time the answer has been delayed until this late hour.

I now write you to thank you for your kind invitation, and to express my regret that I shall not be able to be present on that most interesting occasion which you have in prospect. I hope it may be all and more than you anticipate. It is an occasion worthy of the affectionate interest of all the sons and daughters of that church, who are now in both the church militant and the church triumphant. From different parts of the land her sons and daughters will gather to mingle their joys and tears once more in her holy communion. And I believe in that communion will mingle the spirits of those who have gone to the upper Sanctuary. The spirits of those who have once prayed in that upper room, I doubt not will meet there again. Many a scene of glowing interest have I known there—many a soul convicted there—many a prayer which has wrapt us all in spiritual influences. If I were with you I should mention some of those. I should

mention a sainted father and a sainted mother, and a brother also, whose voice in that room has been as regular as any; but for fear he may not be mentioned I want to pronounce that blessed name Loring Sherman. He who has heard his voice once in prayer can never, *never* forget it.— It rings in my ears now like a song. I now hear the stub of his thumb trembling and rolling on the back of my seat as that good man shook all over in the fervor of prayer. Many a time have I turned around to look into his face which shone like an angel's as he laid hold of the garments of infinite love in prayer. How many times has that good man baptised me. I used to pray with him everywhere—in the grove—in the burying ground—in the family. He was always ready to pray. He was always ready to say a joyful word for his "precious Jesus," and I never heard him pronounce that name without a delicious smile passed over his face and a heavenly radiance lit up his eye. He was one of the few that lived and walked with God. His memory is blessed and as fragrant as the rose. Had I been present with you, I should have spoken of him at length. May the peace of God rest upon you in this gathering and may it impart a new impulse to the work of grace in Jamestown.

Yours in the love of the gospel,

H. EDDY.

This church having been for several years the only organized religious society in the place, members of other denominations, resident here, who set a proper value upon religious privileges, were in the habit of uniting with us in sustaining public worship. Deacon John C. Breed of the Baptist church, came here at an early day, and for a long time was the only member of that church living in the place. He very cordially co-operated with us, and was always regarded as a christian brother. He was superintendent of the Sabbath School, and labored with us faithfully and earnestly, in every enterprise for the promotion of religion until the growth of the place prepared the way for the formation of a Baptist church. The committee of publication, in view of this fact, addressed him a note requesting him to give such reminiscences particu-

larly in regard to the Sabbath School as he might be pleased to favor us with, to which request, he has responded as follows :

JAMESTOWN, July 17, 1866.

Hon. A. Hazeltine. Rev. T. H. Rouse and E. A. Dickinson.

GENTLEMEN.—I have the honor of receiving a communication from you as a committee to superintend the publication of the proceedings of the late semi-centennial celebration of the Congregational church of this village, requesting any information, I may be able to furnish connected with the early history of the church and Sabbath School.

In reply, permit me to say, your late celebration was an occasion deeply interesting to me, not only from the able manner in which the history of the past fifty years was presented, but also from the correct and truthful reminiscences that were brought to view. At the time of my arrival in Jamestown in January 1822, nearly half a century since, almost the entire site of our village was a primeval forest. Towering above all in majesty and strength, were our stately pines which in their silent grandeur, seemed to say, In us are your elements of prosperity and success as a village, and of us, build your dwellings and rear your temples in which to worship the God of your fathers. To me, it is a gratifying thought, that on this then wilderness site, about five thousand inhabitants are now spending their days in prosperity and quietude, whilst eight temples point their spires to Heaven, indicating that the worshippers therein meet to thank the Lord for mercies past, and to pray for grace and strength to guide them in the future. At the time of my arrival at Jamestown, your church had been organized several years, and being the only church organization in the place, it was but natural, that with you my sympathies and prayers should mingle around the throne of grace. The recollections of those scenes of former days and of the friendships then formed in connexion with the worship of our common Father and Redeemer, are sweet to me, and the Old Academy, the room in it about twenty feet square where we used to meet, the rough floor, the rude benches fitted for a common school, the elevation at the north end on which was a joiner's work bench for a pulpit, the rare occasions to hear the preached word, and the eagerness with which the truth was listened to and enjoyed, are among the pleasant memories of the past.

With representative men, you were well provided.—Such were Spencer the pioneer missionary, and Deacons

Deland, Garfield and Sherman. And out of your church, Lyman Crane of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The memories of these men are fragrant in sacrifices and noble deeds for Christ and truth. And whilst we have carefully laid them away in the grave, let us pray that their virtues may be inherited by those who live to labor for Zion.

Somewhere between the years 1823 and 1825, I was chosen superintendent of your Sunday School, and sustained the relation some two years. The scholars then numbered from twenty to twenty-five. The only teacher I distinctly recollect was Mrs. C. R. Harvey. The test of merit in those days was the number of verses recited. Reciting one hundred verses entitled the scholar doing it to a red ticket, and reciting a number of hundreds to a book, which was a rare gift in those days. I have in my possession a trunk eighteen inches long, made to my order, in which the library was kept during the week. To some doubtless, these matters look like the day of small things: but to me, it is a sweet satisfaction, that seed thus early sown has sprung up and borne fruit unto eternal life.

Along with the endearing recollections of the Sunday School, I may mention the young people's meeting. These were held mostly in private houses, and were meetings of great interest. At the time of their commencement, the only young persons in the village who professed religion, were Martha Mitchell who lived at Dr. Hazeltines, and myself. Being the only male professor, the duty of conducting the meeting devolved on me. These meetings were attended with revival influences, and on the settlement of Mr. Eddy as your pastor, several were received into the church.— Among them, I recollect Dan Higley and his sister Anna, Samuel Strickland and Rhoda Ballard.

I rejoice in all the prosperity the Lord has granted both to your Sunday School and church, during the past fifty years. My recollection of those times, and my relation to the Sunday School, your young people's meetings, your house of holy and sanctified worship, the brethren and sisters then composing the church most of whom have fallen asleep, are all pleasant and dear to my heart. May the next half century of your church be marked with still greater manifestations of God's abounding grace.

Yours truly,

J. C. BREED.

